

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

BOSTON, APRIL 15, 1823.

(Monthly Magazine, Feb.)

ANECDOTES OF DIPLOMACY.

Communicated by a ci-devant Ambassador, now resident at Brussels.

MARIA LOUISA.

WHEN Napoleon, in the year 1809, entered Vienna as a conqueror, he chose the beautiful castle of Schonbrunn, near Vienna, for his residence on the occasion. One morning, after breakfast, to gratify his curiosity, he proceeded to take a general survey of the apartments, which had been deserted, some weeks before, in haste by the imperial family.

The tale is simple, and turns on one incident. Napoleon, the hero of it, attended only by Meyer, one of the castle inspectors, entering one of the apartments, observed the portraits of the Emperor's children—Maria Louisa, Leopoldina, and Clementina. Napoleon's attention was most powerfully attracted to the first, and he demanded of the inspector, if Maria Louisa was as handsome and agreeable as there represented, telling him to state his opinion fairly and clearly. The answer he received was satisfactory: "Sir, (replied the old man,) she is indeed as beautiful as her portrait; and what is still more excellent and engaging, she possesses the amiable qualities of the heart in a very eminent degree: she is virtue herself, and her goodness makes her beloved by every one that approaches her." "Well, then," (said the Emperor,) "let the portrait be put in my cabinet, and placed before my writing-table." This order was instantly

obeyed; and, when he left Vienna, he carried the portrait with him, and the Princess found it in his rooms on her arrival at Paris, at the time of her marriage.

When the Emperor Francis had determined upon the union between Maria Louisa and Napoleon, he was not ignorant of the animosity borne by his daughter, wife, and mother-in-law, (Maria Beatrix d'Este,) against his intended son-in-law. He had not the courage to make the first overture to his daughter; but charged the Countess Chanclos, governess to the Princess, to use every persuasion to prepare her for a close and near alliance with the French emperor.

The countess, thinking she had found one evening a proper occasion for introducing this subject, informed the princess, that the emperor her father had affianced her to the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte. No words could do justice to the princess's emotions upon hearing this declaration: she fell down upon the sofa, screaming, fainting, and crying, "No, no, never will I be married to such a monster;" and she forbade the countess, once for all, ever to repeat his name in her presence.

The countess having reported to the emperor the ill success of her overture, his wishes and feelings inclined him to undertake the matter himself. On

the day and hour appointed, accompanied by his daughters Leopoldina and Clementina, he repaired to the apartments of the princess; and, with that paternal affection which characterises this sovereign, with candour and sincerity stated the necessity of such an alliance, as being the only means left to save the imperial family, and the whole country from subjection; that, should she persist in her refusal, they would be obliged to abandon the empire a second time to the conqueror.

This conversation took place in a room, the windows of which opened upon the ruined walls and demolished fortifications of Vienna. Maria Louisa, taking her father by the hand, led him to the view of what that devoted city had already experienced,—a scene of wide-extended desolation. “Can you (said she,) give the hand of your beloved child to such a destroyer?” “True (said Francis,) but the evils which you deplore—all the misfortunes of the country,—arise from the laws of war; the destructive machinations of which will begin with more fury than ever, involving the state, and all of us, perhaps, in one common ruin.”

The emperor, observing the repugnance of his daughter, yet feeling the necessity of this sacrifice, besought the princess with tears, and with so much importunity, that she could no longer resist. “Be composed, my beloved father, (said she;) and weep not so bitterly, my good sisters; you shall be obeyed; and from this moment I will do every thing that you require of me.”

It is asserted by the Countess Chanclos, who was present, that when the Princess Leopoldina (then between thirteen and fourteen years of age,) had seen the aversion of her eldest sister to this union, she said she would be married to the Emperor Napoleon, to deliver them all out of their painful situation. The Emperor Francis, tenderly smiling, replied, “You are a child; you don’t understand what you say.”

The Princess Maria Louisa was then married by proxy to her uncle, the Archduke Charles; after which she was accompanied by the whole imperial family to Branau, the frontier town.

There she was confided to the care of the Queen of Naples, Napoleon’s sister, and Murat’s wife. Proceeding on her way through France, the Emperor Napoleon met her near Compiègne, and, in the open road, entered her travelling coach.

In the month of June, 1810, Count Joseph Metternich, brother to the Austrian prime-minister, and one of the chamberlains that accompanied the princess to Vienna, and with other dispatches for the imperial family, was charged by the Empress Maria Louisa with an autograph letter, in German, for the old Count Edling, her quondam governor. The following is a translation of, and extract from, the same:—

My dear Count Edling,

I have received from you so many testimonies of your kind care and affection, that I feel an ardent desire to inform you, by Count Joseph Metternich, of the particulars of my present situation. When I left you, and all my friends in Vienna, I saw the good people plunged in deep sorrow, from the persuasion that I was going as a sacrifice to my new destination. I now feel it an agreeable duty to assure you, that during three months’ residence at this court, I have been, and am, the happiest woman in the world. From the first moment I saw, and met the Emperor Napoleon, my beloved husband, he has shown me on every occasion such respectful attentions, with every token of preventing kindness and sincere friendship, that I should be unjust and ungrateful not to acknowledge his noble behaviour.

Believe not, my dear Count, that this is written by any order from my husband; these sentiments are dictated from my heart: nor has any one so much as read the letter.

The emperor, who is at this moment by me, but will not know the contents, has desired me to send you, in his name, the insignia of the order of the Legion of Honour. This he had promised you as a mark of his high esteem for you.

Respecting your wish to visit me at Paris, my husband and I will be very glad to see and receive you, in the month of September, at the Tuilleries; we shall then have returned from a little tour. You will then be a witness of my satisfaction, which I cannot describe to you in this letter.

Adieu, my dear and good Count Edling, remember me to all my beloved family and friends; tell them that I am happy, and that I thank God for this felicity. God bless and preserve you, my dear Count; and believe me that I remain for ever, your affectionate

MARIA LOUISA.

Paris: June 16, 1810.

This letter was communicated with the consent of the Emperor Francis, to some friends of Count Edling; and the writer of this had a true copy taken from the original. The copy was sent, in an official despatch to the Emperor Alexander at St. Petersburg, in the first days of July 1810.

INTERVIEW OF THE SOVEREIGNS ON
THE RAFT AT TILSIT.

After the battle of Friedland in 1807, when war had done its utmost to annoy the respective antagonists, and the merits of the question of peace were to be decided, an interview was agreed upon between the Emperors Alexander and Napoleon, and the King of Prussia. The conference was to be held on a raft, in the middle of the river at Tilsit. To avoid the formalities which etiquette has accumulated, on points that bear a relation to ceremony, it had been decided that, at a signal given, the sovereigns should start in their boats from their respective positions on the banks, and arrive in the same instant at the raft, that one might have no occasion of waiting for another.

It so happened, whether from chance or design does not appear, that the Emperor Napoleon and his suite arrived the first; it was some minutes before the other two sovereigns arrived. In discussing this courtly subject, it is but a fair statement to observe, that Napoleon accosted them in courtly language, that is, with a polite address and a profusion of compliments. The Emperor Alexander, seeing Napoleon a little vexed at the delay, was anxious to bring it forward, with an apologising notice for the want of punctuality, adding, with his usual gentleness of manner, that nothing could have been more gratifying to his feelings, —more interesting to his curiosity, than such an opportunity of testifying his esteem for the French emperor's person and eminent character.

Alexander proceeded to present his friend, the King of Prussia, to Napoleon; it was allowed, however, by those present,—as it might, indeed, almost have been expected from the exigencies of the times, that the Prus-

sian monarch did not dwell so long on general compliments, and received Napoleon's rather coldly. The latter was dissatisfied with this manner, and observed to the marshals of his suite, with great tartness of language, "*Voyez vous, comment il me traite ?*"

During the residence of the parties at Tilsit, Napoleon often intimated a wish, and not without strong expressions of curiosity, to see the Queen of Prussia. Her aversion to see Napoleon had been noticed as a fact of public notoriety, and her journey was constantly deferred under the pretext of indisposition. But Napoleon was not to be diverted from the inclination which he had avowed; and, persevering in his endeavours, he exclaimed one day, in great good humour, to the Emperor Alexander: "I see I must send Davoust, with his *corps d'armée*, to Memel, to get a sight of this beautiful queen!" The necessary consequence was, that the Emperor and King of Prussia secretly despatched their chamberlains to Memel, with letters entreating her majesty to repair speedily to Tilsit, as feeling it to be their common interest to court Napoleon's good graces by every possible exertion.

The queen consented, and arrived at Tilsit at the day and hour agreed upon. The sovereigns went to meet her. Napoleon entertained high sentiments of her personal merits, and the attentions which he directed to her, were not such as to reflect dishonour on his conduct. Turning to Marshal Duroc, he ejaculated, "*Vous m'avez bien dit, Duroc; elle est vraiment belle !*"

Napoleon gave, one day, a dinner to the queen, which might modestly lay claim to rank and precedence before any other ever given in that poor little town. This may rationally be presumed from the time and sums expended in the provision. Every delicacy of the French kitchen, the most exquisite fruits of France and Italy, were served up in profusion; and with the dessert, on a plate which Napoleon's chamberlain presented to the queen, was a letter for her majesty the Queen of Prussia. "What! (exclaimed the queen, in surprise,) a letter for me!" "Yes, (replied Napoleon) but it is an open

letter.' The queen unfolded it, and found another inclosed within it, in like manner unsealed, with an order to King Jerome Bonaparte, who commanded the French army in Silesia, to evacuate a certain part of that province, as therein specified; the same to be at the disposition of her majesty, the Queen of Prussia, agreeably to a secret article in the Treaty of Tilsit.

This liberal and beneficial donation was highly approved of and extolled by the queen; who, after a few introductory compliments, politely proceeded to tender her sincere thanks to the French emperor.

Prussian Silesia was instantly evacuated by the French commandant, and taken possession of by the Prussian general, the Prince D'Anhalt Pless.

EFFECTS PRODUCED ON THE FEELINGS
OF CERTAIN ELEVATED CHARACTERS
AT ST. PETERSBURGH WHEN THE
NEWS ARRIVED OF THE DEATH OF
THE DUC D'ENGHIEN.

It was in the month of March, and year 1804, that a gentleman brought a brief notice of that event to the empress dowager or mother. He had been despatched by her brother-in-law, the Duke of Oldenburgh, Bishop of Eutin, with some general but correct information relative to the above statement. It was such a circumstance as could not fail to attract the notice of politicians in general, whether benevolent and disinterested, or savage, audacious, and abandoned.

Many were the evils which the times had then to complain of: the tranquillity of peace every-where disturbed, war obtaining its malignant triumphs, and the demons of mischief deluging every country with misery, Royal families were not in too great security; and among others of the French dynasty, the Duc d'Enghien had been familiar with humiliations and danger. His, too, was a portion of that misery, to which the lot of humanity seems, alas! predestined.

The news of that fatal tragedy was like pouring vinegar into wounds already probed. The mind of the em-

press was disturbed and irritated at so singular and extraordinary an event beyond measure. With considerable alarm and consternation she communicated it to her son, the Emperor Alexander, who, from the peculiar circumstances of the case, would not give it credit. A transaction so odious and disgraceful could never, he said, find its perpetrator in Bonaparte; and his uncle, the Duke of Oldenburgh, must have been misinformed.

But here, as it happens on other occasions, the surprise of novelty was rekindled by the introduction of Prince Czartorinsky, minister of foreign affairs, who had arrived at the palace, and demanded an audience. This was instantly granted; and the minister proceeded to lay before their majesties all the circumstances of a proceeding, which, with every political philanthropist, has something in it monstrous or disgusting. The emperor, eagerly seizing the letters, was so struck with an action so completely Catalinarian, that he tore them to pieces, execrating Bonaparte as an implacable foe, glutted with injustice and cruelty, and calling for vengeance and ignominy to be heaped tenfold on his head. Driven, as it were, to madness, the empress-mother and prince had much ado to calm his perturbed spirit, to confine his hatred, reflections, and antipathy, within the bounds of moderation.

While the emperor was expressing his hatred, so cordially, that he might seem to be repelling some personal injury, the Grand Duke Constantine arrived. The emperor put into his hand the despatches, which so clearly detailed the particulars, that it was needless to add any thing on the topic. The grand duke, after perusing the letters, and collecting the substance of them, said, with great carelessness, that he could easily admit the fact, so positively stated, from its probabilities. In this case, he observed a conformity between the person and the transaction, for he had always had good reason to believe, (founded on common authority, and the received histories of his life,) that Napoleon's real character was that of one destitute of integrity, benevolence,

and a sense of religion ; that of an armed savage in a state of intoxication and madness.

After this, every arrangement was taken in the Russian capital and provinces, to commence a sort of indirect hostilities against the criminal and sanguinary character of the French emperor. To testify his abhorrence of the crime, and that it might serve the longer, as a sort of beacon to the whole nation, and leave an impression for the recollection to dwell upon, a grand court-mourning, with funeral obsequies, and dirges in all the churches, was ordered. A very spirited Ode, also, was printed on vellum, in folio, wherein the life and death of the unfortunate prince, the innocent victim of Napoleon's cruelty, were brought together, as a leading subject for the whole empire, seriously, to contemplate and cherish. In that Ode, the outrages of Bonaparte were severely censured ; he was drawn, flushed with crimes, and in the wantonness of power, spreading desolation and anarchy over every land : in brief, as "a vile assassin, a tyrant, a monster." The Russian public pronounced its verdict in favour of the general tendency of the Ode. Copies of it, which, at St. Petersburg, only cost five copagues, in lieu of a rouble, were soon so multiplied, that ten thousand were sold in a few hours. The Russians, as a nation, were sufficiently enlightened to shudder at the excesses and abhor the crimes of Bonaparte, notwithstanding the triumphs with which he had dazzled the world.

The Marquis d'Hedouville, then ambassador from the French govern-

ment at the court of St. Petersburg, had gained the cordial approbation and favour of the imperial family, and was generally respected by all with whom he had concerns, as well in the social intercourse of life, as in its public business. This minister complained, in an official note, to Prince Czartorinsky, of the above Odes, as extremely injurious in many respects ; and, from their general cast and spirit, likely to do harm among the poorer and more ignorant of the community. The answer which he received was in strict conformity to truth, though not such as he had been accustomed to ; that his excellency might readily form a judgment as to the sentiments that pervaded the court and government, when, in an empire like that of Russia, wherein a vigilant police was in permanent activity, the sale of such publications was permitted, in the very capital. To this notification the prince superadded, as an occasional observation of his own, that his majesty, the emperor, and all the imperial family, had expressed the deepest concern at this outrage of his master, and that it might lead to a rupture between the two governments.

Hereupon the French ambassador demanded a private audience of the emperor ; but, as the court mourning had not terminated, and the ambassador would not submit to the etiquette, there was a necessity for his taking leave, which he did, in a missive to the emperor and imperial family. His general conduct, grounded on principles of dignity and moderation, had conciliated universal esteem.

(London Mag. Feb.)

The following Letter is from the pen of the Author of the succeeding article :—and, as it seems (although addressed to ourselves directly,) intended for the eyes of others, we beg leave to read it confidentially to our readers. The public, of course, though standing near, will be too polite to listen.

To the Editor of the London Magazine.

SIR,—Having travelled and resided during some years in countries but little visited by Europeans (namely, Siberia and Persia,) I imagined that some description of these travels might be interesting at home. I had confined my observations to some branches of Natural History, and the manners, customs, and domestic life of the people with whom I daily associated, and thus had an opportunity of observing accurately : in short, I followed my own studies, and was willing to communicate to my gentle reader what I had seen in the pursuit of them ; leaving the precise boundaries, with the course of the rivers, to the geographers, from whom I learnt them ; the sites of ancient cities and tem-

ples, which have and have not existed, to antiquarians ; and the laws, religion, government, politics, commerce foreign and internal, &c. &c. &c. to the next fortnight tourist, or six weeks resident ! !

On my return to England I produced my materials, the technical phrase, I believe, among book-makers for compilations, abridgements, sketches, and notes. Alas ! these materials proved deplorably light in the balance of modern quarto voyages and travels ; scarcely would the whole have occupied the space of the heads of chapters : these heads and chapters, however, I was rather scandalized to observe, frequently reminded me of the pompous bills of fare in certain poor taverns on the continent, where every delicacy of the larder and cellar is ostentatiously announced ; the cloth is spread, the table covered, you fall too with appetite, but soon discover that all the superior dishes are served up half hot from a neighbouring cook's shop, while the only genuine produce of the house is washy soup, stale bread, and small wine.

Fallen from my high estate of quarto-ly importance, I am reduced humbly to intreat you, Mr. Editor, now and then to receive a tale founded on personal adventure, or illustrative of the manners, and domestic (if you will, *savage*) life of the countries which I have visited.

Dec. 17, 1822.

J. W. W.

A DAY OF A PERSIAN JEW.

IN the city of Tabreez dwelt the Jew Jouad, active and intriguing in traffic, with all the attributes of his race, despised of men, and abhorred even of women, as it was said ; though an accurate observer might perceive, in his quarter of the town, that one or two of the little urchins dabbling in the broken water-pipe before the doors, or, on cooler days basking on the arched roof, or revelling on the ash-heap of the bath at the corner, had the interval between the nose and mouth remarkably short, with a peculiar expression about the eye, belonging neither to Persian, Courde, nor Turkoman. Be it as it may, many husbands in the neighbourhood winked, looked wise, and blessed the mouths and eyes of their own swarthy likenesses. His various avocations of wine-seller and brandy-maker in private, and dealer in odds and ends publicly, had so completely and profitably occupied the day, that a cup or two of wine extraordinary with Arratoon, an Armenian neighbour, seemed to Jouad an allowable recreation at night.

Arratoon was a merry hand, welcome every where, protected by Mirza Abdoul, and consequently taking his glass, and cracking his joke without fear. It was generally whispered, that his cellar (as a Christian, he was entitled to have one,) was more frequently replenished and emptied than any other in Tabreez ; and it was remarked, that during the ebb tide of the cellar, the Hadjy's wits were more than usually

brilliant, scattering snatches of Hafiz on all that approached him, where the rose and the nightingale shone less conspicuous than the sparkling wine of Schiraz.

At night the two friends met, and were seated on the same carpet together. The usual inquiries after, and wishes for each other's health and welfare being finished, Jouad clapped his hands two or three times, and immediately the head of Anna his wife (for he was a family man) appeared from behind the purdah, or door curtain, of the inner room, but so closely veiled, that only one eye was visible to the guest. "Anna," cried Jouad, "knowest thou the great damjan, standing in the corner behind the rice bag and the tent poles ?" "I do," answered Anna, "by the token that thou hast so often warned me to take care of it, and forbidden me to touch it." "I forbid thee no longer then," rejoined Jouad, "go thy way, look into the Russian box, which I brought on my last journey from Teflis ; there thou wilt find two bottles ; take one of the bottles, fill it carefully from the damjan, and bring it hither, with three glasses, for thou also shalt taste." "'Tis ever so ;" muttered Anna ; "men may sit to smoke, and think the very stooping forward to eat is a trouble, when the meat is set on the ground before them ; but women, alas !" — A look from Jouad dispersed the gathering storm, caused the purdah to drop, and the head of Anna to disappear. She shortly after,

however, entered with the bottle and glasses, one of which happening to slip as she placed them on the carpet, again disturbed her bile. "The devil or the gins are in our house to day," she cried, "every thing has miscarried." "There is often a bone in thy dog's throat, Anna, but what has befallen thee to-day?" demanded her husband. "Much to vex me, but I must bear all (whimpered Anna,) all falls on me, for thou, Jouad - regardest not." "Silence!" cried Jouad, "thou hast talked enough—woman, know thy duty. Silence! I say." "I have talked" retorted Anna, "I am a woman, and I will talk." "Then I will give thee fit subject for noisy declamation," replied Jouad, half serious and half in jest, "by thrusting a stout cat into thy trowsers, and trying her therein, as Abdullah the Tartar says they treat refractory wives in Turkey; and they are a wise people in many things, and worthy of imitation, though our Persians do curse Omar, and scoff at them for blind misled Soonites. But come, Anna, forget thy troubles. If I meddle not much in the affairs of the house, thou hast more of thy own will; and when thou hast maid servants, as perchance one day thou wilt have, they will lessen thy toil, and keep things in order." "Let the maids but keep them as Anna now does," (continued Arratoon, taking up the discourse) "and thou wilt have a well ordered house. No two women in the town do so much; and now I can believe what I have often heard, that the notable housewife is assisted by the kindly gins." This well timed compliment, with a glass of cordial from the Russian bottle, completely soothed Anna's wrath, which in general was but transient, as she really loved her husband, and was vain of his success; often boasting that they had little to buy for the house, as the presents her husband received for his cures supplied them with the best that the country afforded. This was not literally true, as supplies sometimes arrived in a mysterious manner, without any positive explanation where they came from, and, perhaps, the least explanation was best. The only subject of discontent to her was, the indif-

ference of Jouad to their household cares. The clarified butter might fall half a batman short of the expected weight after boiling. The youourt might mould instead of drying, and twenty similar accidents occur, to her great annoyance, but no sympathy or consolation could ever be expected from her husband. A mishap in the store-room, had in fact caused the little display of temper which she had just exhibited in the Anderoon. A band of rats had gained admission, and committed fearful ravages upon her tallew cakes; and, perhaps assisted by her darling son little Nathan, had nearly demolished one of her finest honey-combs. She now, however, re-appeared with a smiling countenance, bearing before her what might justly be termed the pride of her heart, a large round copper tray, covered with dishes of the same metal, all well tinned, containing her choicest specimens of culinary science. Kabobs of wild kid, covered with youourt, dolmas of mutton, and a delicate fowl stuffed with raisins of the sun and pistachio nuts, partly surrounded the pillau placed in the centre, concealed from view under the high tapering cover of Hamadann workmanship. The China bowl of Sherbet, with its slender curiously wrought spoon lightly floating on the surface, occupied the other side, leaving only room to set in two little plates, one containing powdered ewe-milk cheese, and the other small cucumbers, preserved with vinegar and honey.

When she had deposited her burden on the ground, the two friends drew nearer, gathered their legs closely under them, then bringing their noses within six inches of the dishes, commenced the attack with their fingers, having previously poured a little water over their right hands, from the ewer which Jouad reached from a niche in the wall. As soon as Anna saw their hands fairly in the gravies, she proudly raised the centre cover, and displayed the fair pyramids of snow-white rice, encircled with a saffron ring, and crowned with a sprinkling of dried barberries. She then retreated, and sat down at a little distance to regale on the praises that her ragouts elicited from

her two friends, who enjoyed the more substantial satisfaction of swallowing them. From time to time she arose to bring a bottle of choice wine from the inner room, place the glasses, or to trim the pee soo (or tallow lamp): occasionally she pressed her guest to eat, drank a few glasses of wine with him and her husband, and became rather more loquacious after she had removed the tray, poured water again on their hands, served coffee, lighted their pipes, and sipped a bumper from her own favourite cup, till she saw the Arabic verse of the Koran engraved at the bottom, cursing unbelievers, and exhorting the faithful to exterminate their race, which she believed to be a charm against poison and the evil eye, and delighted to look upon. The Jew and the Christian, forgetting for the moment the cruel oppressions and humiliating insults, hourly endured by their degraded and despised sects, talked of enjoyments, boasted of family, and hazarded wit, that might have cost them their lives, had the lowest Mussulman overheard it; flinging wine in the beard of Mahomet, and roundly asserting that Cadija and Fatima were no better than they should be. The festivity continued much to the satisfaction of all parties till Arratoon, heated by the wine that he had drunk begged a draught of cold water; Anna immediately arose, filled a cupful, and after having carefully looked into it by the light of the pee soo presented it to him; at the same time expressing her fears that it was not so cool as it might be. "Hasten, hasten, good Anna," cried Arratoon, "to the kitchen of thy neighbour the Vizir, nothing is found therein but water, and it is the coolest place in all the city: a consumptive mouse, and three hectic little ones, were found famishing in the corner but the other morning by Ibrahim, when he went to seek a few ashes to wash with." This sally was received with infinite applause by the husband and wife, which continued till Arratoon had finished his draught. He then returned the cup to Anna, who once more carefully inspected the interior of it. "Woman," exclaimed Jouad, "art thou mad; why lookest thou in the cup when the guest has drunk?"

"Chide not, good husband," replied Anna, "I looked but to see if the two beetles were yet therein which swam so lustily in the water when I presented it to our neighbour." Long and loud bursts of laughter followed this brilliant display of Anna's wit, which, like the nimblest whirls of the Gipsy dancing boys, concluded the entertainment. Shortly after Arratoon arose, lighted his pocket paper lantern, pulled his cap stronger on his head than it had lately been, thrust his feet into his walking slippers at the threshold, traversed the court-yard, and, with a farewell to his hosts, disappeared through its narrow low door into the street.

Jouad yet slept soundly on his bed when the rapping of the Christian bedel's rattle to collect his congregation before day, half awoke him to conscious existence. The last sounds of Arratoon's hearty laugh again indistinctly vibrated on his ear, and excited a corresponding smile on his own countenance. Then a cross, a rosary, and a cup, dimly floated before his eyes, and seemed to occupy the Tabernacle, while the seven-branched Candlestick lay prostrate before them. His features again contracted, a frown replaced the late smile, and a half articulated curse passed his lips; he suddenly turned his head aside as if to avoid the hateful sight, and again sunk in forgetfulness. The notes of the horn sounding before dawn from the roof of the neighbouring bath, to notify that the hour of ablution for the Faithful was arrived, next resumed the connexion between external impressions and the dormant faculties. He was on the road to the bath, bearing with him the jewel which he had purchased the day preceding, an easy bargain, from Kara Hussein, the Courde: he entered; his clothes were in the alcove; he was in the bath, no longer the poor dark mud building that he remembered, but shining with painting and the veined alabaster of Tabreez. His loins were girded with shawl and embroidery, instead of his own poor checked cotton wrapper; but he was alone; none came with hot water as was usual to rub and knead him, and apply the dyeing materials to his beard or shave his

head : he fled to the outer hall, for the silence appalled him. No longer alone, he was surrounded with the fairest of the King's Harem ; every arm extended towards him in welcome ; joy spread over every countenance and penetrated to his heart. Suddenly a voice was heard denouncing vengeance on the degenerate daughters of Islam, and destruction to the insolent intruding Jew. The fountain in the middle gushed forth in streams of blood, and the rippling of the late crystal water rolled over the edges of the tank in crimson waves. The two-edged sword of Ali, guided by an invisible hand, and flashing fire at every blow, commenced the dreadful execution : the tremendous voice still roared its fearful denunciations, whilst some irresistible power restrained the efforts of Jouad to regain his beloved jewel, which floated before him on the purple tide. The struggle at length became more than imaginary, and he awoke as the last long note from the bathman's horn died away in the silence of early morn. Hastily thrusting one hand into his bosom to ascertain the safety of his jewel, and seizing with the other the basin of water that stood by his bedside, he gulped down a few mouthfuls, and once more endeavoured to regain his tranquillity, and recompose his nerves, still a little shaken by the potatoes of last night, and the fearful recollection of Ali's flaming sword. Scarcely had he turned his thoughts from the dreams of the past night, to the profits of the coming day, when the deep full tones of the muzzim from the next mosque were heard solemnly chaunting, "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet." " 'Tis false," pettishly growled Jouad, "false as the heart that imagined or the tongue that utters it : " and he angrily pulled the thick quilted coverlet over his ears, to avoid hearing the conclusion and repetition of the sentence.

He lay for some time in that happy state, between sleep and waking, confusedly turning over in his mind medical herbs, old iron crooks, and stirrups, the working of his wine jars, serusas or Turquoise stones, a goat-skin pair of bellows, and a packet of emeralds, all

bought cheap, and each, in his dozing speculations, returning ample profit according to its value. From these pleasing reveries he was roused by the voice of Anna, who rushed hastily into the room, exclaiming as she hasped the door, "God of my fathers ! sleepest thou when the hyena growls without, and the accursed boar whets his tusk to gore thee ? Up, man ! Up, for know that the Ferashes of Mirza Mahmoud, are even now in the wine vault of Arratoon ; and where will their next visit be ? " It required no further explanation to dissipate the gentle visions of Jouad, and cause him to leap from his bed. " Blessings on thee, Anna, for thy timely notice ; but despised among women be the mothers of them, that cause thee to bring such evil tidings," he uttered as he tightened his girdle, and rushed into the inner chamber, followed by Anna. This chamber, which served as a kitchen, storehouse and retirement for Anna when strangers occupied the outward room, they hastily traversed, Jouad snatching up a few parcels enveloped in skins, whilst Anna, having replaced the bottles and glasses, in the Russian box, followed her husband with it down some irregular steps into the cellar. In a few seconds she returned, lighted a lamp, and rapidly re-descended the steps, bearing with her the above mentioned damjan, and one or two little articles of luxury unfit for the inspection which she expected shortly to commence. In the cellar, she found Jouad dragging with all his force a buffalo skin full of wine towards the rugged entrance of a still further descent, where three other similar skins were already deposited. "Haste, haste, Anna," he cried, disappearing into the dark abyss with his burthen ; "the lamp !" he continued, almost breathless with exertion, "spare not thy strength, good Anna ; it is well ; I have it : " as the second buffalo, assisted by the powerful efforts of Anna, followed its companion. All the four skins of wine, together with the two goat-skins of brandy, nearly the whole stock of the house, were thus safely deposited below, together with the damjan, the Russian box, and a few silver

saucers for coffee cups. Jouad, first, handing up the lamp, nimbly leaped forth, and then pushing the unwieldy trap door of boards, covered with cemented marl, over the aperture, completely concealed the entrance of this secret repository. They had only just concluded their operations by raking with their hands the loose earth of the cellar floor into the crevice surrounding the trap door, and had smoothed the whole to a uniform surface, when voices were heard in the court-yard without. In an instant, Jouad was in the outward room adjusting a buckle to the belt of an old musket which lay by the window, where a hole torn in the oiled paper permitted observation of what passed without. Anna extinguished her lamp, and was apparently busied in heating the stones for baking her dough, which, already neglected beyond its time, lay heaving and swelling before the fire in an earthen pan. A slight jingle, as the door chain unhooked and fell, and the salutation from Jouad of "Ye are welcome!" announced to her the inauspicious arrival of her unbidden guests. The murmuring sounds of indistinct voices succeeded, gradually increasing in force till Jouad was heard loudly declaring his innocence of drunkenness, his ignorance where to find, and his own utter inability to produce a single goatskin of wine. All this, asserted with the utmost vehemence of declamation, and supported by frequent appeals to the head of his father and the beard of the king, in confirmation of his veracity, failed to convince the Ferash Bashee, who, for reasons of his own, wished to confer a few minutes in private with Jouad apart from his companions; he, therefore, insisted upon searching the house, but in consideration of his friendship for the master of it, he ordered Jouad to precede him alone into the inner room, and his attendants to remain at the door. Jouad raised the purdah and they entered alone.

A few broad hints not producing any offer on the part of Jouad, the Ferash Bashee proceeded without more circumlocution to explain his purpose. His master, the Governor, was in great necessity for money, having lost consider-

able sums lately at gaming, and now was causing all the Christian and Jewish houses to be visited in order to suppress drunkenness, and the selling of wine to Mussulmans. Some from fear, some from conscious guilt, and some to purchase favour, presented the expected peace-offering, and imprudently betrayed an abundance most alluring to the future rapacity of their oppressors. The fifteen tomaun present at first demanded had dwindled down to five, but Jouad remained inexorable, and obstinately pleaded poverty, which all around seemed sufficiently to attest. The Ferash, finding that no harvest could be reaped for his master, turned his attention towards his own small gleanings with as little success. Nothing more could be obtained from Jouad than the repetition of inability, the numerous extortions which he had lately suffered, and the loss of Ala Bash, his longest eared mule, with an entire load of wine, in his last journey—lamenting almost with tears the loss of the poor creature;—and then for confirmation of his assertions, appealing to Anna, who, on the entrance of the Ferash Bashee, had couched down in a corner of the room, with her face close to the wall, and now, closely concealed in her veil, might have been mistaken for an inanimate bundle, had not an impatient start, or angry snarl, of disapprobation from time to time escaped her. Delighted that the restraint was now removed from her lips by the sanction of her husband, she broke forth in absolute despair for her dear Ala Bash, and bewailed his untimely end with such unfeigned sorrow, that the Ferash, although unwilling to believe, was at last convinced of the reality of the accident. The truth is, that the wine had been sold in the tents of a Courdish Chief, and Ala Bash, the mule, purchased at an exorbitant price by an Armenian merchant, who had the misfortune to lose one of his own in descending a difficult pass in the mountains. Finding that nothing could be gained by expostulation, the Ferash commanded Jouad to light the lamp and show the way to the cellar; in doing which, he contrived to drop a small purse, containing the Courde's

jewel and several gold coins, into the high narrow water jar standing in the corner. It was well that he took this precaution, for on returning to the outward room, after a fruitless search in the cellar, Jouad's person underwent so minute a scrutiny, that a few pieces of silver and copper were detected, and, for want of richer plunder, detained by his visitors. Each then swallowed a large cup of execrable wine, and quitted the house, loudly exhorting him to sobriety, and denouncing the wrath of the king's son on his head (loud enough to be heard by the neighbourhood) if he permitted a Mussulman to taste of the forbidden liquor under his roof. "Deceiving, deceived slaves!" muttered Jouad as he fished up his jewel out of the water jar; then throwing on his walking coat, or cloak, and thrusting his pen-case into his girdle, he set out on his way to the bazaar.

The winter had commenced: the sun no longer glowed in a cloudless sky, or scorched the earth with his fiery rays. The red hills were already covered with snow, and large flakes were now fast falling in the town; the ministers and mirzas going to the Defta Khonar hastened their horses, and their attendants half running, half walking, dropped a hasty salutation to their friends. A party of peasants buying hot beet root, at the door of a cook's shop, pointed to the wretchedly lean carcases of sheep which hung before a butcher's at a little distance, and pronounced the frost to have been some time severe in the mountains, the sheep having been already killed to prevent their dying by starvation. The pomegranate and the withering kishmish occupied the place of the autumn fruits; here and there a little pan of charcoal burned upon the board, where sat the tailor, or the public writer; a few Courdes with their long spears in their hands, and completely armed, now strolled indolently along, nor seemed now impatient of a town. Snow and icicles whitened the caps and stiffened the beards of travellers arriving from the country. Every thing announced the first winter storm, as Jouad pulled down the few shattered planks from before the aperture of his little shop, and

disclosed its miserable interior; indeed it bore more the appearance of a receptacle for the refuse and sweepings of other shops, than of actually laying claim to the title of one itself. Jouad set about displaying to the best advantage his curious stores, the whole value of which might amount to a very few rupees. This collection of non-descripts being at last arranged to his satisfaction, he sat down to wait for customers, sometimes smoking his own pipe, or accepting a whiff or two from a neighbour's arghila; sometimes watching a decoction of dried herbs, which he asserted to be infallible for healing bruises & green wounds,—patching holes, darning rents, polishing old rusty swords and daggers: in short, endeavouring to render again useful, or at least saleable, that which had long been thrown aside as useless and worthless, occupied the remainder of his time. An unusual bustle at length induced him to put his head forward to learn the cause. Fools part with their money rather than suffer a little vexation or pain, he thought to himself; but he speedily withdrew from public observation, on perceiving the Ferashes of the Kaimakaum, who haughtily received some pieces of silver which a Greek humbly offered to them. His retreat was too late, for immediately one of the satellites advanced towards him exclaiming: "The snow lies on the roof of the Kaimakaum; where is thy shovel, and wherefore loiterest thou here when thou mayest serve my Lord?" This was accompanied by so fearful a flourish of the djereed which he carried in his hand, that Jouad's head most probably would have suffered, had he not adroitly bent it to the earth, and presented a more enduring part to the shock. He was quit for the fear; the djereed was again poised on the ground, whilst a few indistinct words, and a knowing grin from its bearer explained, that the master's service might be compromised for a small gratification to the servant. This Jouad perfectly understood, but firm to his principle of not parting with money, he only whined out that he hoped some recompense would be made him for the loss of his time; or at least that he might be permitted to

shut up his shop, and secure his property, before he had the honour of mounting on the roof of my Lord the Kaimakaum. An angry sneering laugh was his only answer; another imposing flourish of the djereed enforced immediate obedience, and indicated the direction in which he had to move. He resignedly stepped forth into the covered way of the bazaar, and joined three or four of his brethren already assembled there. They all proceeded to the house of the Kaimakaum, and commenced their work of throwing the snow from the flat mud-terraced roof. They had only just cleared the yard of the snow which they had previously thrown there, when another party of Ferashes laid hands on them, and led them to perform the same operation on the house and yard of the Topchee Bashee. They then had the good fortune to escape and returned home.

Jouad returned to his den, and found all safe as he had left it; indeed he was always careful to leave nothing worth losing. As he sat refreshing himself after his fatigue with a little youourt (curdled milk) and bread, he saw, passing one of the entrances of the bazaar, a number of women on horseback, conducted by an old man on foot. From their number and the whiteness of their veils he supposed them the women of some man of rank, and his wrath kindled against them on the bare supposition.

"Accursed race," he grumbled, as he sought the little bottle of brandy, which he usually kept concealed in the stuffing of an old ass saddle; "did heaven but give you your merited reward, your bones would be ground to powder, fine as the flour from between the mill-stones." After this toast to their welfare, he crouched down in a corner, as if seeking something, and gulped a reviving draught from his bottle; then cautiously looking round, to be sure that he was not observed, he replaced his comforter in the old saddle, and began striking a light for his pipe. He was interrupted in this pleasing occupation by a violent screaming and commotion, every one running towards the gate by which the women on horseback had passed.

"Were I sure that they had broken their limbs, or fractured their skulls, I might be tempted to move and enjoy the sight," he continued; "but rest is now acceptable;" and he drew the first comfortable whiff from his pipe, replacing the flint and steel in the little bag with the touch-wood. This was not to be a day of rest for Jouad, his name resounded on all sides. "Haste, Jouad, good Jouad," sobbed the old guide of the ladies, panting in breathless speed, "Kind Jouad, prince of learned physicians, come to the lady Nabottee, the beloved wife of Asker Khan; she has fallen from her horse on one of the black stones, and much I fear that she is killed." "Then there is no need of a physician," quietly observed Jouad, pouring out a volume of balmy smoke, and unwilling to interfere in such a critical case. "O Jouad, friend Jouad," cried the half-distracted old man, "come, O! come, I will reward thee, my brindled greyhound is thine."—No reply.—"My horse's silver nose chain that thou lovest, I will give thee, if thou wilt come; holy Allah, my head answers for her safety." "Then thou wilt lose it if she is killed as thou sayest;" Jouad maliciously answered; "and the loss will not be great, friend Ishmael, for thou art old, and worth little, save carrying the pitcher and bath clothes of the women to the bath on a Thursday." A most powerful pull by the ear from Sali Beg, silenced Jouad, and sent him on his way to the house of Asker Khan, where the wounded lady had already arrived. Upon enquiry, he found that her hip was dislocated, and he gave directions to take off her veil and part of her garments, in order to attempt setting it immediately. He was advancing towards her, when the voice of Asker Khan himself, half-choaked with fear and rage, thundered out as he entered the chamber, "Wretch, slave, dog, dare but defile the hem of her robe by thy impure touch, and I will cleave thy head in two!" "How would my Lord the Khan that I set a bone, without touching the patient?" demanded Jouad. "I care not, I know not," screamed the infuriated Khan, stamping and gnashing his teeth, "cured she shall be

or thou diest ; were she of thy own accursed tribe she would now be well, I believe." "I trust most submissively," Jouad replied, "that I can cure the daughter of Jaffir Khan, but I must touch her." "Then thy head rolls on the carpet before thee, dog ; commence thy work quick, ere two hours she is well, or thou art not alive to mock her sufferings." "God of Abraham!" groaned Jouad, pacing the chamber in an agony of despair, "when wilt thou cease to chastise thy people ? where seek help if thou desertest me ! are my hours then numbered ? Hah ! By the tombs of my ancestors I will attempt it ! I can but die.—Instantly lead me a buffalo before the window ; one of them that now feed on clover in the outer court." Strange as the order appeared, it was immediately obeyed. Jouad then directed the attending women to place their mistress on the back of the animal, and tie her feet with a silken shawl together under its belly : he then ordered water to be set before the buffalo, who drank plentifully. In a short time, the clover and water produced the usual effects of distending the body of the animal which had been unlucky enough to feed on them. Nabottee rent the air with her piercing shrieks : her women consoled and howled in sympathetic chorus, the Khan blasphemed, prayed, and menac-

ed all around, whilst the poor suffering beast uttered low deep moans. The operation with all its accompaniments, continued to advance, till Jouad believing the limb sufficiently extended for his purpose by the increased circumference of the buffalo's body, with a sharp dagger suddenly cut the shawl which restrained the legs of Nabottee. A loud snap, or report, announced that the bone had sunk into its socket, and that the cure was effected. The confusion which ensued cannot be described ; congratulations and condolences on every side. Jouad was dog or deity alternately, as Nabottee decried his experiments or praised his skill. At length she was safely deposited upon her bed, and, after swallowing a composing draught of his prescribing, she seemed inclined to sleep. Jouad was then permitted to retire receiving from the hands of the overjoyed Khan ten pieces of gold ; a scanty recompence for all that he had effected and endured.

The sun had already set when he quitted the house, and the short twilight barely enabled him to reach the bazaar, shut up his shop, and again enter his own door to recount the adventures of the day, and partake of the savoury pilau of Anna, as the last streak of golden light disappeared in the west.

J. W. W.

THE HISTORY OF CLAUDINE MIGNOT, SURNAMED LA LHAUDA.*

(Literary Gazette.)

[The hints for the following have been taken from M. Jouy's new volume of the Hermit in Provence.]

A SHEPHERDESS becoming a queen is a very pretty incident in a fairy-tale ; but alas ! for the commonplaces of reality, these delightful events are of rare occurrence. Such things, however, have happened, and as what has been may be again, the history of La Lhauda will be quite a romance of hope to any fair shepherdess who may like to indulge in dreams of exchanging her crook for a sceptre. Amid the many admirers of the rustic beauty, the most favoured was Janin, who though, like herself, by birth a peasant, was,

from being secretary to M. d'Amblerieux, considerably above her in present station and future expectation. Claudine had soon penetration enough to perceive that what he sought in her was a mistress not a wife. This was a mortifying discovery to one accustomed to consider her hand the highest pledge of happiness ;—piqued vanity is a sure guard to woman's virtue ; and day after day passed, and Janin found La Lhauda colder than ever. It was in vain he told her, Love without kisses was a garden without flowers ; her re-

* The unerring aim of the Peasants in the South of France with the Sling, is like that of David of old, and of equally fatal force.

ply constantly was, "I would imitate the moon, which receives the light of the sun, yet avoids him, though day and night his course is around her." When alone, she soliloquized bitterly on the hesitation of her lover: "Why does he not marry me? I am fifteen, nay, actually near sixteen;—must I wait till I am thirty? Sweeping my father's house, managing the household of others, my companions will be all wedded before me. Does Janin think I cannot get a husband?—he shall see he is mistaken." Janin's jealousy was soon raised; fear accomplished what love could not; and his offer of marriage was accepted coldly by Claudine, with pleasure by her father, discontentedly by her mother, who, to the great displeasure of her husband, has higher views for her daughter, and recurs to the prediction of a gipsy, that the child was born to be a queen. However, the marriage-day is named, when the Secretary thinks it necessary to introduce his intended bride to his master, who becomes deeply enamoured of the beautiful peasant. Janin, under pretence of pressing business, is sent out of the way, and M. d'Amblérieux, in the presence of her mother, offers La Lhauda his hand, giving them the next day to reflect on his proposal. Thievena scarcely waited for his departure to begin expiating on her honours in perspective. "Ah, my dear Claudine, think of sitting in the old family pew; of how the curate will present the incense to you at high mass; to overhear as you pass, 'That is Madame d'Amblérieux who is coming in—Madame d'Amblérieux who is going out—Madame d'Amblérieux—Room for Madame d'Amblérieux—Respects to Madame d'Amblérieux—Long live Madame d'Amblérieux!' And what an honour for me to say, Madame d'Amblérieux, my daughter!" She was here interrupted by Claudine's remarking on the age of her present lover; and while exerting all her eloquence to remove what seemed so trifling an objection, in comes Pierro, who, far from entering into her grand schemes, puts a decided negative on the marriage. "I will have no son-in-law," said La Lhauda's father, "at whose table I

cannot take my seat without ceremony, and who will come and do the same at mine. I hate your fine people who eat up your own wheat, without knowing the cost of its sowing or reaping; to whom you must always give the first place and the best bit; and who declares open war upon you, unless their rabbits are let quietly to eat up your best cabbages and lettuces. Accustomed to act the great lady, my child will soon forget all that was once her duty and happiness. Lhauda living, will yet be dead to us. The husband for her, to please me, will be a man who works for the bread he eats." M. d'Amblérieux was not to be discouraged by this refusal; making Thievena and Claudine his confidantes, introduces himself disguised as a labouring man to Pierro, and under the name of Lucas becomes such a favourite as to be promised the hand of La Lhauda. The discovery is soon made, and by all married gentlemen the denouement may be easily anticipated—his wife and M. d'Amblérieux carry the day. The news soon got spread about; the marriage was wondered at, sneered at, cavilled at, disputed about, attacked, defended, till it came to the ears of Janin, who had from time to time been detained on various pretences at Lyons. The injured lover arrives at the village the very day of the wedding; music, the ringing of bells, sounds of rejoicing fill every place—one and all confirm the tale. The cottage of Pierro is deserted, and at the Castle he is repulsed as an impostor, assuming a name to which he has no title. There is no hatred like the hatred of love;—with his sling in his hand, the miserable Janin remains concealed in the gardens of the Chateau. At length his perfidious mistress, and her still more perfidious husband, pass by;—a stone is thrown, which glances against a tree: La Lhauda alone perceives the hand from which it came. If M. d'Amblérieux returned to the Castle infuriated against the unknown assassin, his bride was no less, though differently, agitated. The characters of first love can never be wholly effaced; like the name Sostratus graven on the Pharos, plaster might for a while conceal it, but still the orig-

inal traces remained; and Claudine had really loved Janin. His letters had all been suppressed; accounts of his careless dissipation had been studiously conveyed to her. But here was a fearful proof—how wildly and how well she had been remembered! and with woman there is no crime equal to that of forgetting her; no virtue like that of fidelity. Janin continued wandering about till night; the sound of music had gradually died away; one light after another was extinguished, till the Castle became dark as the starless heaven that surrounded it. He was standing on the brink of a precipice over which a foaming torrent rushed: it was close by the Castle. Should he throw himself from it, his body would the next morning float on the stream before the window of the bride. Discharging a pistol he carried into the midst of the accumulated snows above, he threw himself into the abyss of waters. A terrible avalanche instantly followed; the noise awoke all in the Castle, but to Claudine the report of the pistol was the most deadly sound of all. It soon fell out as Pierro had foreseen—he was sent to his vineyard, and his wife to her household; and La Lhauda's visits to her parents were seldom and secret. She was soon released from every constraint by the death of M. d'Amblerieux, who left her all he possessed. Her first use of riches was to secure independence to her parents, and to erect a modest monument to the memory of Janin. It was of white marble, representing a veiled female throwing flowers into an empty urn. Her low birth furnished a pretext to the relations of M. d'Amblerieux for disputing her marriage and her rights to the succession. A journey to Paris became necessary;—young and beautiful, Madame d'Amblerieux was soon in no want of powerful protectors. The Marshal de L'Hopital, seventy-five years of age, was one of the most active. His influence was amply sufficient to turn the scale of justice in her favour; but he deemed it necessary to have a right to interfere. He well knew the malice and wicked wit of those about the court; people might suspect he had his reasons—a connexion might be supposed, and he should be in despair at

hazarding the reputation of one as prudent as she was fair. These one-word-for-my-neighbour and two-for-myself kind of fears would have only appeared ridiculous to Madame d'Amblerieux, had not the rank of the Marshal backed his scruples. Again interest took the place of love in leading her to the altar. L'Hopital soon followed in the steps of his predecessor, and in the course of a few months La Lhauda was again a youthful and lovely widow. The exultation of her mother was now beyond all bounds: "My daughter, Mad^e la Marchale de L'Hopital," was the beginning and ending of almost every sentence; and morning, noon, and night, the gipsy's prophecy was recurred to. But Pierro could not forget that the elevation of his daughter involved her separation from him. A prince, who had in turn been jesuit, cardinal, and king, John Casimir the second of Poland, having abdicated, was then residing in France at the Abbey Saint Germain des Pres, which Louis the Fourteenth had given him. This prince, no longer jesuit or king, but the gay and gallant man of the world, saw the lovely Marechale, and succeeded in winning her heart and losing his own. A fortunate but conscientious lover, he married his mistress privately. The secret was soon betrayed, and though publicly she had not the title of Queen, yet every one knew she was wife to the King of Poland. The tidings reached her native village—her mother died of joy, her father of grief; and John Casimir soon followed, leaving La Lhauda with one daughter, whom his family always refused to acknowledge. Such was the end of three marriages contracted and dissolved in the short space of fifteen years. La Lhauda's good fortune was not left as a heritage to her descendants—she lived to see them returning to her own former obscurity. Many an old man in Grenoble can remember a little Claudine, who used to solicit public charity with the word, "Pray give alms to the grand-daughter of the King of Poland!" What a vicissitude to "point a moral and adorn a tale!" This history is well remembered in the little village of Bachet near Huglau, where La Lhauda was born. L. E. L.

THE PHYSICIAN---NO. IV.

(New Month. Feb.)

GENERAL RULES FOR ATTAINING LONG LIFE.

THERE dwelt in ancient times on the Palus Mæotis, a barbarous people, called the Alani, whose god was a naked sword, which they set up in the ground and worshipped, and whose greatest glory and happiness consisted in slaughtering their fellow-creatures, and employing their skins for horse-covers. This brutal nation was, as far I can recollect, the only one that considered it ignominious to die of old age. This maxim, nevertheless, seems to have identified itself with the character of martial nations, the members of which are anxious to die for their country; and it may be viewed in a milder light where it loses all that is rude and barbarous, and appears in the rank of real heroic virtue. It is truly absurd to regard natural death that is to say, the only way in which man can die of old age, as ignominious: but still it is a real virtue to sacrifice one's life for the public weal; a virtue in which the ancient heroes and philosophers were great, and in which those of modern times are mostly very little. The more effeminate and luxurious a nation becomes, and the more it is depraved by indulgence and voluptuousness, so much the more it dreads death and is attached to life. In vain would you show the debauchee the lustre of immortality that must surround his name, if he sacrifice his life for his fellow-citizens and his country. To no purpose would you promise him the pure joys of heaven, and the everlasting glories on which his soul will feast itself. He would rather be utterly forgotten from the present moment, and renounce a future state altogether than give up a single year of his voluptuous life. Between these two extremes the wise will choose a middle course. We must not hold life so lightly as to throw it away, neither ought death to appear so terrible as to make us hesitate to surrender it, when important occasions demand the sacrifice.

Such are my sentiments, though I am a physician, and a physician ought al-

ways to espouse the cause of life. The duty of a physician extends no farther than to take care that life be not lost till natural necessity or higher purposes require it. For this reason we combat the diseases which carry off men before they have attained the natural term of life; but not to render our patients immortal: just as we should pay the most assiduous attention to a sick general, without being offended if, after his recovery, he should go forth and seek honour or death in the turmoil of battle. Besides, a physician is best qualified to determine the real value of life, and to form a comparison of the advantages and inconveniences of age, with the degree of attachment or indifference to long life, which deserves to be termed, not only a duty but a real benefit to mankind. For, how melancholy is that life, every moment of which is embittered by the fear of losing it!—and how grievous that death, which a hopeful youth draws upon himself by culpable neglect! Old age is subject to a thousand inconveniences. It is a lingering death, which causes us to survive ourselves, and deprives the world of the melancholy pleasure of tenderly deploring our loss. The death of one, who, in his best years, sacrifices himself for the State, is a peal of thunder that shakes all who hear it: and how grateful to his spirit must be the heart-felt sorrows of all on his account! It is evident from the expressions of Horace that he preferred the early death of Achilles, far above the melancholy immortality conferred by Aurora on Tithonus:

*Abstulit clarum cito mors Achillem,
Longa Tithonum minuit senectus.*

I am well aware, however, that all this imposes on no man the obligation to die a moment sooner than his destiny calls him, and that an old man ought not to grieve because he survives those who would have done him the honour to deplore his early end. So right and proper as I esteem it in every one, not to set too high a value on life, and not to fear death; so little can I

find fault with him who is solicitous to attain advanced age, even though he has but little honour and enjoyment to expect from it: for one of the first laws of nature enjoins the love and preservation of life; and it is the interest of the State itself that men should not be too careless on this point. The enemies of religion are frequently told, that no power on earth would be strong enough to restrain the wicked without the fear of a future state, which is promised by religion. In like manner we may argue in opposition to those who preach up the contempt of life that not one individual in the world would enjoy more peace and safety, if the wicked had not some regard for their lives and some horror of death. I can therefore have no scruple to show my readers the way to attain longevity, without in any manner injuring either themselves or the State. I am not an apostle of voluptuousness; I desire of my readers nothing more, than that life shall be dear and death not terrible to them. I shall now tell them how they must act to preserve life as long as possible, without falling into the absurdities of the alchemists, to which I shall presently advert.

The way to long life is, like that to everlasting happiness, arduous and difficult. There are many rules that are disagreeable, to be observed; and these even it is useless to observe, unless a person be descended from healthy parents and have brought into the world with him a sound constitution. I will suppose that this is the case; and then the first care of him who desires to attain old age must be, in early youth not to waste or exhaust his energies in any way whatever. With this view he must avoid too severe bodily exertion, by which he will either bring on himself infirmities or premature age. I can never see but with pain, how the common people keep young children to laborious employments to which their strength is inadequate. Young colts are spared and not set to work till they have attained a certain age, when their strength is proportionate to the labour required of them; because their owners know from experience that they

are spoiled, and become prematurely old and unserviceable, unless this indulgence be allowed them. It is most unreasonable that we should spare children less than horses; for though they are not so dear as those animals, yet they are of far greater importance to the State; and parents ought not to forget, that their children are part of themselves though existing independently of them, and that it is therefore their duty to be as tender of them as of their own persons.

All too lively sensations, the too free use of the senses, violent passions, excesses of every kind, by whatever name they may be called, severe exertion of the mental faculties, assiduous study, deep meditation, and nocturnal vigils, consume the vital spirits, weaken the powers, and bring on premature old age. Indolence and total inactivity, either of the corporeal or mental energies, are nevertheless equally to be avoided. Bacon has well expressed this where he says—"the vital spirits must not be left to stagnate till they clog up their vessels; neither ought they to be wasted or so expended as to injure those vessels." Experience confirms incontestably the truth of this doctrine. It is proverbial, that children remarkable for precocity of intellect or acquirements die prematurely. Boerhaave knew a boy who was a miracle of erudition, but scarcely attained his fifteenth year. Another learned youth, who passed night and day in study, died in his nineteenth year without any previous illness, merely of premature age. Debauchery, not war, put an end to the life of Alexander the Great in the flower of manhood. Most of those who have exceeded the term of human longevity, were thoughtless, easy, insensible persons who were in no hurry with the labour to which poverty doomed them, and strangers to all kinds of excesses. Such as have cultivated the sciences merely for their amusement, and opened their hearts only to the gentler passions, have in consequence attained advanced age. "Look you," says a writer of the last century, "at the old dames, who have lost all their teeth: let them relate to

you their course of life, and they will tell you how merry they were in their youth: you will find that their anger dwells rather in the tongue than in the heart. These have enjoyed favourable gales, and have reached the haven where they would never have arrived either with a total calm, or with violent tempests. Whoever wishes to become old, must endeavour to resemble them in this point."

Go through the whole catalogue of excesses in pleasure, and you will find that they have precipitated their votaries into a premature grave. Boerhaave justly observed, that few who are intemperate in the use of wine, brandy, and other spirituous liquors, survive the age of fifty. With these votaries of Bacchus, the votaries of Venus proceed *pari passu*; and immediately after them come the immoderate eaters. Plato and Socrates grew old upon very frugal fare; and Maimodes, the Arabian physician, says, that it is necessary to avoid overloading the stomach with too much food: for though a person might take the most wholesome aliments, yet if he were to take too much of them, he could not remain in good health. Bread and water are an admirable diet for those who would rival Methusalem in longevity; and fasting itself is an excellent promoter of their views.

A regular way of life, in the most comprehensive sense of the term, is absolutely requisite for those who would flatter themselves with the hope of living to be old. They must live in a free, serene, and healthy air. That of high mountains is best suited to this object. In mountainous countries you meet persons verging on a century and a half, though living in poverty and subsisting on the coarsest fare. How much temperance in eating and drinking contributes to the attainments of old age, I shall have occasion to show hereafter by a variety of examples.

In respect to bodily exercise, I have already observed that it must be moderate, otherwise it will tend to abridge life. In this point, then, the system of life of those who wish to be old, differs a little from that of the persons who merely desire to enjoy bodi-

ly strength and health is their best years. The object of the latter is promoted by violent exercise, for fatigues harden the body, but they also render the fibres rigid before the time, and too rapidly exhaust the vital spirits, the principle of life.

A due alternation of sleep and watching is an essential maxim for those who desire longevity. If you sleep much, you collect a superabundance of juices; for sleep feeds the body more, if any thing, than alimentary substances. It is an indispensable rule for such as wish for long life, that they keep the body as nearly as possible of equal weight. Now, by rest it soon becomes heavier, and by fatigues it is rendered lighter. Both militate against the hope of long life.

Of the labours of the mind and of the passions I have already treated; and as to the natural evacuations, they might be constantly kept up, but on no account too strongly excited by the use of frequent or powerful medicines. "No cathartics are necessary," says Boerhaave; "for there are people of eighty who have never taken any, and yet have always kept their bodies in a proper state." The same remark applies to all artificial evacuations, to blood-letting, perspiration, and the like.

To attain advanced age, a man must enjoy uninterrupted health, for all diseases gnaw at the germ of life. If then the rules for regulating our mode of life in general enable us to avoid diseases, it follows of course, that we must observe all these rules if we would attain advanced age. It is most commonly the case, that people care too little about the future, to submit for the sake of it to the observance of so many rules: and yet there is no other way of becoming old than this. How, for instance, can a man expect to live long, if he injures the viscera, or suffers his juices to be tainted by a corruption which exposes him to a thousand dangers in his mortal pilgrimage! Boerhaave relates a remarkable instance in elucidation of this truth. A young man of a distinguished family, and of a melancholy temperament, fancied without any cause, that the effects of youthful indiscretions were still lurking in his consti-

tution. So strong was his conviction on this subject, that all the arguments of his physicians could not persuade him to the contrary. At length he found one—and why should he not meet with such a man?—who coincided in his opinion, and prescribed salivation. He submitted twice to this process, and after this cure of his imaginary disease, lived without ailment till his eightieth year, though none of his family had ever attained an advanced age. By this operation all the juices are cleansed, and whatever of impurity they contain is expelled from the system. Bacon first discovered that such a purification of the juices contributes greatly to longevity. He observes, that those medicines which consume all the juices of the body promote long life, if the viscera be but strong enough to concoct new and healthy juices from the new salutary aliments; otherwise, it would certainly be better to have bad juices than none at all.

Such are the most important points to be observed, by those who desire to attain an advanced age. There are few people who pursue this course, and most of those who are found there have struck into it by accident, or been driven thither by necessity. A very small number indeed voluntarily choose this way, which keeps them aloof from the gratifications and indulgences of early life. It must not, however, be imagined, that those who continue to be the slaves of their passions, are indifferent to the length of life, or have voluntarily renounced the hope of enjoying it. This is far from being the case. The more pleasure we find in life, the more ardently we desire its prolongation. No man is more unwilling to die prematurely than the debauchee; none sighs more anxiously for length of years; none feels a greater horror of death than he who knows not how to die well, which art consists

solely in the consciousness of having lived well. As, however, the direct road to life is too dull and too arduous to such a person, he seeks the means of immortality in secret things, and hopes to find it in absurdities. Helmontius flattered himself with the expectation of discovering it by extracting the *ens primum* from the cedar of Mount Lebanon; because, forsooth, as the cedar is an almost imperishable tree, its juice or spirit must contain the essence of immortality! Paracelsus sought it in the herb of lungwort, which was said to expel all bad juices from the body. Many others, equally silly, imagined that it was possible to extract from gold a *spiritus rector*, which would be a remedy for all diseases and a medium of immortality. Artephius caused a youth to be killed, and, as we are told, extracted from his blood the magnet of the human spirit, by means of which he attained a great age, and after he had become weary of life, laid himself down of his own accord in the grave, but not without taking along with him some of this volatile spirit in a bottle, to which he occasionally smells, merely to protract his life, which has now lasted upward of a thousand years. Others again have sought the means of immortality in animals; and the stag, on account of its longevity, has had the honour of being preferred by those fools, who fancied themselves possessed of the greatest wisdom. In short, there is nothing so ridiculous that has not been tried as a preservative against death; because the devisers of these experiments forgot that the human body is a machine, which, though it may have gone correctly for a long time, yet gradually decays, till at last its powers become completely exhausted. Is it, then, any wonder that not a single individual, out of all those who have invented elixirs of life and immortality, should have survived the ordinary age of man?

(New Monthly Magazine, Feb.)

HARRY HALTER THE HIGHWAYMAN.

I've cast your Horoscope—your natal star
Is Ursa Major—a most hanging sign.

Old Play.

THE indefatigable author of the Scottish novels, and his innumerable imitators, have not only commemorated all the reeves, robbers, borderers, black mailmen, brigands, rebels, outlaws, cut-throats, and other heroes of Scotland, but have begun to make incursions into England; while another set have landed upon the shores of Ireland, where they bid fair to reap an abundant harvest of riot and robbery. It is really scandalous, that the citizens of London should not have availed themselves of their rich records of rascality to immortalize some of their more celebrated felons; but, with the exception of the Newgate Calendar, an imperfect and obscure publication, I am not aware of any attempt to do proper justice to these characters, beyond the very simple process of hanging them. This desideratum in literature I purpose to supply, by a series of traditional or recorded tales, wherein, according to established usage, I shall introduce frequent dialogues, imitations of the old ballads, songs, and other poems, and have made such arrangements that every one shall contain a crazy, doting, semi-prophetic old crone, upon whose fatuous auguries the whole plot shall be forced to depend. I need not more fully develope my mode of treatment, since I enclose you, as a specimen, the tale of

HENRY HALTER THE HIGHWAYMAN.

IN the whole populous range of Dyot-street, St. Giles's, and Seven Dials, it would have been impossible to find a more dashing youth, or one who at once illustrated and defied the dangers of his profession with a look of more resolute slang, than Harry Halter the Highwayman. Sixteen-string Jack, with the bunches of ribbons at his knees, and the ends of his neckcloth fluttering in the air of St. George's Fields, had a more swelling swagger, and Abershaw might carry in his face a more stubborn and insolent assurance of the gallows; but Harry, with his hat on one side, his quid in his left cheek, and his bludgeon in his right hand, contrived to associate such a real air of high birth and fashion, that it was impossible to distinguish him from the nobility and gentry with whom he was constantly intermingled at boxing-matches and cockpits. Even the Bow-street officers were sometimes deceived, and many a lord and member of parliament going to receive his dividends at the Bank, has been tapped on the shoulder, with a—"Come, come, Mr. Harry, this is no place for you—you're nosed, so bundle off." The Wig and Water-Spaniel in Monmouth-street was

his favourite haunt in London; none but "Booth's best" was ever dispensed from that savoury bar, which, not being above six feet square, was exactly big enough to admit Mrs. Juniper the fat landlady, a dozen or two of dram glasses, and a small net of lemons, which, with a delicacy of feeling that did her honour, she declined hanging from the roof, as customary, lest it should awaken any dangling presentiments in the minds of her guests. Here with his two friends Ned Noose and old Charley Crape,—one of whom ultimately emigrated to Australasia, and the other, after being kept sometime in suspense as to his final fate, was admitted of Surgeons' Hall,—Harry has sate behind many a pint of purl, arranging the plans of innumerable burglaries which figure in the annals of those days, or singing the ballad of

TURPIN AND THE BISHOP.

Bold Turpin upon Hounslow Heath
His black mare Bess bestrode,
When he saw a Bishop's coach and four
Sweeping along the road.
He bade the coachman stop, but he,
Suspecting of the job,
His horses lash'd—but soon roll'd off,
With a brace of slugs in his nob.

Galloping to the carriage door,
He thrust his face within,
When the Chaplain cried—sure as eggs is eggs,
That is the bold Turpin.
Quoth Turpin, You shall eat your words
With sauce of leaden bullet,
So clapp'd his pistol in his mouth,
And fired it down his gullet.

The Bishop fell upon his knees,
When Turpin bade him stand,
And gave him his watch, a bag of gold,
And six oright rings from his hand.
Rolling with laughter, Turpin pluck'd
The Bishop's wig from his head,
And popp'd it on the Chaplain's poll,
As he sate in the corner dead.

Upon the box he tied him then,
With the reins behind his back,
Put a pipe in his mouth, the whip in his hand
And set off the horses smack!
Then whisper'd in his black mare's ear,
Who luckily wasn't fagg'd,
You must gallop fast and far, my dear,
Or I shall be surely seragg'd.

He never drew bit nor stopp'd to bait,
Nor walk'd up hill or down,
Until he came to Gloucester gate,
Which is the Assizes town.
Fulleighty miles in one dark night,
He made his black mare fly,
And walk'd into court at nine o'clock
To swear to an Alibi.

A hue and ery the Bishop raised,
And so did Sheriff Foster,
But stared to hear that Turpin was
By nine o'clock at Gloucester.
So all agreed it couldn't be him,
Neither by hook nor crook;
And said that the Bishop and Chaplain was
Most certainly mistook.

Here it was, that on a dark and tempestuous night of November, when the wind struggling amid the thick-clustered chimneys of St. Giles's responded to the signal whistle of the thieves below, and the rain dashed with fitful violence against the windows of the private room in which they were stationed, that our hero and his companions arranged the plan of their attack upon Farmer Bruin's house, of Finchley Common. "I tell you," cried Harry, anxious to silence the objections of his comrades, "It's as lone and snug a dwelling as man need wish to break into. I vas all over it vonce, and knows the rigs on't. No alarms—no vatch—and as for the dog in the yard, we must physick him, that's all."

"And are you sure that he keeps five hundred guineas in the bed-room?" enquired Noose.

"Pshaw, man! d'ye think I doesn't know vot's vot? Didn't he brag on it to his club at Barnet? Vill the vaiter told me so himself. Besides there's a silver tankard worth twenty flimsies, and a gold sneezer."

"Vot men sleeps in the house?" said old Charley, with a thoughtful look.

"Only one spooney chap of a rustic,—and old Bruin."

"Who isn't-no flincher," resumed Charley.

"But we've our bulldogs and barkers, and arn't we three to two?—you're 'nation squeamish, Charley."

"I fears no man but the hangman," said Noose, scratching his neck; "but there's no call for us to be nabb'd and pull'd up."

"Never fear," exclaimed Harry, slapping him on the back, "you shall have many a bout yet at stand and deliver."

"But," said Charley enquiringly, "if we have to stand at the Old Bailey, I should like to know who's to deliver us?"

"Betty Martin! never fear, man—you may live these three months yet—so cheer up, cheer up, my hearty."

"You're like a sparrow," mutter'd Crape, "you would cry chirrup if a chap was going up the gallows' ladder—Hush! hark! I heard some one snoring."

"Stuff," cried Harry, "you're always thinking of the watchman: we're all snug."—"Zounds!" added Noose, making towards the door, "vot noise is that there?"—Here there was an audible snorting and rustling, as of some one awaking, and Harry suddenly drawing a pistol from his pocket, and seizing the solitary candle by which they had been sitting, rushed to the corner of the dim chamber, where, behind a low screen, he discovered a female figure, stretching and yawning in apparent emergence from a sound sleep.—"Ranting Moll, by Jingo!" he exclaimed, "the old drunken fortune-teller of Dog and Bear-yard. What are you after here, you infernal——? are you lurking for blood-money—do you mean to peach—have you heard our palaver?—speak, you crazy old cat, or I'll pop my barker down your muzzle."

The figure whom he thus addressed, while he held his pistol hardly an inch from her mouth, was not calculated to

awaken suspicions of any very treacherous intentions, for she bore an expression of mental fatuity, which it would have been difficult to divide between the triple claims of nature, sleep, and intoxication. Her cap was off, her dress disordered, her hair wildly spread over her haggard features, and her eyes, one of which was black from some recent contusion, were fixed upon Harry in a stolid, unmeaning stare. But suddenly her recollection and intellects seemed to flash upon her, her countenance lighted up with a sort of prophetic orgasm, her eyes, particularly the black one, glared with a preternatural lustre, and without offering to move the pistol she cried out in a harsh voice—"Away, away! I have heard nothing of your plots and plans; but he that fears leaves, let him not go into the wood—good swimmers at length are drowned. Thou art young, Harry; but green wood makes a hot fire—thy doom is fixed, spite of these knaves, thy companions. He that lies with the dogs riseth with fleas—not a day passes but thou takest a step up Jack Ketch's ladder: punishment is lame, but it comes. Mark me, boy; I have read what the stars have written in the palm of thy hand—under the sign of the Bear wert thou born, and under that sign shalt thou perish. Stand aside—he who spitteth against heaven, it falls in his face." So saying, she put on her cap, gathered up her garments, and with a wild look of inspiration, as of an ancient Pythoness, stalked out of the room.

"Bravo!" cried Harry, "bravo, ranting Moll!—Egad! it is as good as a tragedy." "Better," said Charley, "for there's nothing to pay—but what did the old witch mean by your perishing at the sign of the Bear? There's the Black Bear in Piccadilly, as well as the White; but you never goes to neither."—"Mean," replied Harry, "there's seldom much meaning comes out of the mouth, after fourteen or fifteen tosses of blue ruin have gone into it; and I warrant she hasn't had a drop less." So saying, they resumed their conversation, and finally arranged the time and method of their attack upon the farmer's house at Finchley Common.

The unconscious object of their deliberation was one of those stout, surly, stubborn yeomen of the old school, who are about as amiable as one of their own bulls in a pound. He quarrelled with his wife if she let him have his own way, stormed outright if she thwarted him, and, though he was notoriously miserable before his marriage, did nothing but extol the happiness of his bachelor days. He would not let his daughter Dolly marry young Fairlop, to whom she was attached, simply because he had not first proposed the connexion himself; and insisted upon her having Mr. Gudgeon, a smart London fishmonger, who drove down to his cottage upon the Common in his own gig, not out of regard to the man, but out of opposition to his daughter. On the very evening of the meeting at the Wig and Water-Spaniel, he came growling home to his house, when the following colloquy ensued between him and his wife.

"Thought you were all dead—couldn't you hear me at the garden-gate?"

"Where's Clod?"—"Gone out, my dear, but he'll be back directly."

"Always sending him out of the way on some fool's errand or other."

"He is gone to the village, to get your favourite dish for supper to-night."

"Get the devil for supper to-night—Shan't eat any: you never get one any thing to drink."—"Yes, my dear, I tapp'd the ale on purpose."

"Shan't drink any. What are you staring at?—why don't you help me off with my coat?—And then having eaten and drunk most copiously of the food which he had just said he would not touch, he drew his easy chair to the fire, stretched his legs, and to the old tune of the Hunting of the Hare roared out his favourite song, of

BACHELOR'S FARE.

Funny and free are a Bachelor's reveries,
Cheerily, merrily passes his life;
Nothing knows he of connubial devilries,
Troublesome children and clamorous wife.
Free from satiety, care, and anxiety,
Charms in variety fall to his share;
Bacchus's blisses, and Venus's kisses,
This, boys, this is the Bachelor's Fare.

A wife like a cannister, chattering, clattering,
Tied to a dog for his torment and dread,

All bespattering, bumping, and battering,
Hurries and worries him till he is dead;
Old ones are two devils haunted with blue devils,
Young ones are new devils raising despair,
Doctors and nurses combining their curses,
Adieu to full purses and Bachelor's Fare.

Through such folly days once sweet holidays
Soon are embitter'd by wrangling and strife;
Wives turn jolly days to melancholy days,
All perplexing and vexing one's life.
Children are riotous, maid-servants fly at us,
Mammy to quiet us growls like a bear;
Polly is squalling, and Molly is bawling,
While Dad is recalling his Bachelor's Fare.—

When they are older grown, then they are bolder
grown,
Turning your temper, and spurning your rule,
Girls through foolishness, passion or mulishness,
Parry your wishes and marry a fool.—
Boys will anticipate, lavish and dissipate,
All that your busy pate hoarded with care;
Then tell me what jollity, fun, or frivolity,
Equals in quality Bachelor's Fare?

The following Wednesday, which was the night fixed on for the robbery, happened to be the monthly meeting of Bruin's club, whence he seldom returned till a late hour, on which account it had been selected by Dolly's lover Fairlop as a favourable opportunity for paying his mistress a visit to concert measures for procuring her father's consent to their marriage. No sooner had he seen the farmer stumping out of the garden-gate with his dog Growler by his side, a lantern in one hand and a pistol in the other, his usual accompaniments when he had occasion to go to Finchley by night, than he tapped at the window, was ushered into the parlour up-stairs, received the renewal of Dolly's assurances that she never would marry Mr. Gudgeon, and devised plans for their support, if, as he implored, she consented to wed him without her father's approbation: all which she participated with so much satisfaction, that in the unconscious happiness of the moment they both began singing, and their thoughts involuntarily arranged themselves into the following duet:

Dolly.—I care not a fig for all their clacket,
I never will marry the London fop,
Fairlop.—A jackadandy! I'll lace his jacket.
Over the Common I'll make him hop.

Dolly.—'Tis sad, no doubt, to quarrel with father,
What can a loving maiden do?
Sad as it is, I own I'd rather
Quarrel with him than part with you.

Fairlop.—I care not a straw for all your money,
Ill-temper'd Dad may pocket his pelf;
I'll toil like a bee to gather honey,
And leave the old wasp to sting himself.

Both.—Love shall afford us wealth and pleasure,
Every hour shall bring delight,
While the great folks who roll in treasure,
Gamble all day and toss all night.

Lovers are the worst chronometers in the world. When they meet, Cupid seems to lend Time his wings; and the old gentleman, upon the occasion we are recording, plied his double pinions with such velocity, that Fairlop, startled by the sound of the midnight clock, was just pronouncing a hasty adieu when he heard the gruff voice of Bruin growling at the foot of the stairs for a candle. Escape was impossible—Dolly, frightened out of her wits, had none left to employ when they were most wanted: and Fairlop, who knew that her father, always violent, generally returned from his club with a pistol in his hand and liquor in his head, was really terrified for the personal safety of his mistress. The only place of concealment that offered itself, was the chimney, up which he hastily climbed, begging Dolly, when the coast was clear, to return and apprise him by the signal of a sneeze.

"Where's your mother?" growled Bruin as he entered the room. Dolly informed him, that she had retired to bed some hours before. "Then I'll sit up," was the reply; "but the night's raw, so light a fire here and I'll smoke a pipe."—"Had I not better light it in the bed-room?" said the trembling girl. "You had better do as you're bid," he answered. "What are you gaping and shivering at? Here, give me the candle, I'll light it myself."—Dolly, knowing his spirit of contradiction, had presence of mind enough to exclaim—"On reflection, I think it would be better to light it here, and I'm glad my opinion agrees with yours."—"You think, Miss Saucebox! what do you know of the matter? I say it shall be lighted in the bed-room; so away with you, and don't be half an hour about it."

Harry Halter in the mean while, with his two companions, having broken into another part of the house, without discovery, entered the parlour

shortly after on tiptoe, Crape carrying a dark lantern, and all armed with pistols. "Hist! Hist!" said Harry; "they're not all abed yet;—I heard a door open and shut. However I've got the shiners safe in this here canvass bag."—"And here's the gold snuff-box," said Moose—"and the silver tankard is in my pocket," whispered Charley—"Vell then," added Harry, "suppose we all keeps vot we've got—I ought to have the largest share for finding out the job."—"Gammon!" said Moose, "I'll have my fair share, or may this pinch of snuff be my last!" So saying, he applied some to his nose, which, not being used to so much gentility, resented the application by a loud sneeze; and Fairlop, thinking he heard Dolly's signal, began to detach himself softly from the chimney.—"Come, come," added Charley, "we're not to be queered:—I'll have my rights; if I don't, may the devil come for me this very instant!"

At this juncture, Fairlop, all blackened with soot, and thinking he was approaching Dolly, placed himself exactly opposite the dark lantern, exclaiming "Here I am, are you ready?"—and Charley, letting fall his booty, and bawling out—"O Lord, the devil! the devil!" scampered out of the room, followed by Moose. Harry fired his pistol, but, finding he had missed his aim, thought it prudent to decamp as well as the others.

Possessing abundance of personal courage, and having a sort of natural antipathy to thieves, weazles and rats, the young farmer commenced instant pursuit, calling lustily for assistance, and pressing hard upon Harry, who in attempting to cut across the garden, tumbled over a gooseberry bush, and after a desperate resistance against both Fairlop and Bruin, who speedily joined in the chase, was at last secured and handcuffed. Moose was discovered in the cow-house, and similarly manacled, and though Charley, who had entered the premises with a provident eye to retreat, succeeded in gaining the Common, he surrendered next day when he learnt the fate of his companions, on condition of being received as king's evidence.

Arrangements were now made for marching the prisoners to the cage at Finchley, the rustic servant heading the detachment with a pitchfork and lantern, the housebreakers coming next securely tied together, Bruin following with a blunderbuss, while Fairlop with a brace of pistols brought up the rear, receiving the assurance of Bruin, as they walked along, that on account of his courage, a quality of which he was a huge admirer, he should have the hand of Dolly, with the bag of guineas for her portion.—The night was stormy. Immense masses of black clouds, driven rapidly athwart the sky, enveloped the earth in darkness, or, if the moonlight struggled through them for a moment, her beams served but to disclose the dreary and desolate features of the Common over which they were passing. Harry was endeavouring to fortify himself with a desperate resolution, when suddenly the loud and wailful howl of a dog met his ear, at the same time he heard a harsh creaking, and looking up he beheld close to him a gibbet, with the remains of a highwayman who had been hung in chains, swinging and rattling in the blast. His heart sank within him, but erecting his head, and clenching his teeth with a look of defiance, he was passing on with a firm tread, when his attention was arrested by two shining objects at the foot of the gibbet, which he conjectured to be either glowworms, or the eyes of some animal. Presently they raised themselves from the ground, and at that moment a ray of light fell upon the wild and haggard features of Ranting Moll, who, stretching out her long bony arm to the moon, exclaimed in a sepulchral voice—"Look at it, boy, look at yonder moon—it is the last thou shalt see, for ere her face is again full, thine shall be dust, and thy body shall be like the jingling bones of this murderer, that dance in the night-wind to the music of their own irons. Said I not right? He who is an ass, and takes himself to be a stag, finds his mistake when he comes to leap the ditch. Thou wouldst not heed me when I said an idle man is the devil's bolster, and another man's bread costs more than our own. But we may save a man from

others whom we cannot save from himself; when the pear is ripe it must needs fall to the ground. I told thee, Harry, thou shouldst flourish under the sign of the Bear, and who is he that marches behind thee with thy life in his hand, that it may be laid down at the judge's bar? Is it not Bruin? What! Cannot I read a palm? yet thou wouldst neither heed me when I bade thee fear the Bear, nor believe me when I said—he who would be rich in a year, gets hanged at six months' end. —Away! Away!" H.

(Mon. Mag. Feb.)

THE NEW YEAR.

I saw a fine girl on her mother's knee,—
They were laughingly blushing and joyous;
Love sung with their lips, "So delighted are we!
Is there aught in this world can destroy us?"
It was worship to see and to hear them in bliss,
It was hope to inherit their story;
But Death kill'd the innocent girl with a kiss,
And recall'd her to silence and glory.

What's the Year but a child on the lap of Time,
That is dear in its youth and creation!
Round our hearts and our passions its months will climb,
And detain us at home in Love's station:
But the Seasons, its parents, advance it to prime,
And 'tis pleasant, to solace the story,—
That years, like our children in nature sublime,
In their death are exalted to glory.

The woodbuds are blown in the rain and wind,
And the Sun and the Moon are their lovers;
They are warmed into leaves, and their fruits are assign'd,
While mortality lingers and hovers:
The blush and the savour, the beautiful form,
Are promoted and gather'd in glory;
The lightning awakes in the voice of the storm,
And they live but in memory's story.

The lyrics of birds and the sweetness of sound,
Like music in passionate dreaming,
Sink deeper the heart as they circle its bound
In the praise of security beaming:
How short!—for the months number'd into a year
Pass onward their glory forgetting;
Creation fresh objects gives Nature to bear,
To eclipse with their rising its setting.

Cold freezes the air, and the nights are lone;
It is pain for the poor and forsaken!
How happy the heart that can give with a tone
And a spirit of freedom unshaken!
Joy never is brighter than shining on grief,
Never dearer than soothing her story,
Never sweeter than yielding the balm of relief,
Nor purer than witnessing glory.

I would value each moment,—caress every morn,—
I would link them in pulses of feeling,
Though I witness ten thousand to Erebus borne,
And Eternity rapidly stealing;
Still, still, should my faith, like a star that is bright,
Rely on the truth of this story:—
"That years are the heralds which lead me aright
To possession, and infinite glory."

Islington, Feb. 1822.

J. R. PRIOR.

JOHNSON'S FIELD SPORTS OF INDIA.

(Literary Gazette.)

WE have in our first day's course, last Saturday, enjoyed with our readers the chase of several animals; but the animal *par excellence* in India is the Tiger; of whose ferociousness and exploits our author tells us many terrific tales. We cannot copy more than a sample, from the midst of a cluster.

"An occurrence nearly similar happened to me soon after, which put an end to my shooting on foot. From that time to the period of my leaving *Chittrah*, which was many years after, I always went out to shoot on an elephant. The circumstance I allude to was as follows:—Fifty or sixty people were beating a thick cover as before described; I was on the outside of it, with a man holding my horse, and another servant with a hog's spear; when those who were driving the cover called *Suer! Suer!* which is the *Hindostanee* name for hog. Seeing something move the bushes about twenty yards from me, and supposing it to be a hog, I fired at the spot with ten or a dozen small balls; instantly on the explosion of my gun, a tiger roared out, and came galloping straight towards us. I dipped under the horse's belly and got on the opposite side from him; he came within a few yards of us, and then turned off growling into the cover.

"When the people came out, they brought with them a dead hog partly devoured. These two cases, I think, shew clearly that tigers are naturally cowardly. They generally take their prey by surprise, and whenever they attack openly, it is reasonable to conclude that they must be extremely hungry, which I believe is often the case, as their killing animals of the forest must be very precarious. It is the general opinion of the inhabitants, that when a tiger has tasted human blood he prefers it to all other food. A year or two sometimes elapses without any one being killed by a tiger for several miles round; although they are often seen within that space, and are known to

destroy cattle; but as soon as one man is killed, others shortly after share the same fate; this, I imagine, is the reason why the natives entertain an idea that they prefer men to all other food. I account for it otherwise. Tigers are naturally afraid of men, and in the first instance seldom attack them, unless compelled by extreme hunger. When once they have ventured at attack, they find them much easier prey than most animals of the forest, and always to be met with near villages, and on public roads, without the trouble of hunting about for them through the covers.

"A tigress with two cubs lurked about the *Kutkumsandy* pass, and during two months killed a man almost every day, and on some days two. Ten or twelve of the people belonging to government (carriers of the post-bag,) were of the number. In fact, the communication between the presidency and the upper provinces was almost entirely cut off. The government therefore was induced to offer a large reward to any person who killed the tigress."*

* The dread of the tiger in other animals is curiously exemplified in a mode of breaking in bullocks to the yoke in *Hindostan*. Mr. J. states,

"The natives of India have a very strange method of breaking in their bullocks for ploughing. The cattle with which they plough the ground are in general small, yet they are strong enough for the purpose, the earth being only turned up a few inches deep. The larger cattle are selected for carriage, or for drawing hackeries [carts.] They are first yoked to an experienced bullock, and as most of them are of an obstinate restiff disposition, they soon lie down. To make them rise, the men twist their tails, and if that does not succeed, a man throws a tiger or leopard's skin over his head, and runs towards the bullock, which never fails of making him get up immediately. After three or four repetitions of this, they seldom ever attempt to lie down. It has the same effect on bullocks which have never been in a country inhabited by tigers or leopards, and therefore they could never have seen a skin of the kind before.

"It is remarkable that horses which are bold in disposition, and quiet in manage-

She was fired at, and, adds Mr. J., never —“ heard of after; from which it may be presumed she was wounded. It is fortunate for the inhabitants of that country, that tigers seldom survive any wound; their blood being always in a state predisposing to putrefaction, a consequence of the extreme heat, and their living entirely on animal food.—

“Two *Biparies*[†] were driving a string of loaded bullocks to *Chittrah* from *Palamow*: when they were come within a few miles of the former place, a tiger seized on the man in the rear, which was seen by a *Guallah* [Herdsman] as he was watching his buffaloes grazing. He boldly ran to the man's assistance, and cut the tiger severely with his sword; upon which he dropt the *Biparie* and seized the herdsman: the buffaloes observing it, attacked the tiger, and rescued the poor man; they tossed him about from one to the other, and, to the best of my recollection, killed him, but of that I am not quite positive. Both of the wounded men were brought to me; the *Biparie* recovered, and the herdsman died.

“An elderly man and his wife, (of the lowest cast of *Hindoos*, called *dooms*, who live chiefly by making mats and baskets,) were each carrying home a bundle of wood, and as they were resting their burdens on the ground, the old man hearing a strange noise, looked about, and saw a tiger running off with his wife in his mouth. He ran after them, and struck the tiger in his back with a small axe: the tiger dropt the wife, who was soon after brought to me. One of her breasts was almost entirely taken away, and the other much lacerated: she had also several deep wounds in the back of her neck, by which I imagine the tiger

struck at her with his two fore paws; one on the neck, and the other on the breast—this, if I may judge from the number I have seen wounded, is their usual way of attacking men. The old woman was six months under my care, and at last recovered.

“As an old Mahometan priest was travelling at mid-day on horseback, within a few miles of *Chittrah*, with his son, an athletic young man, walking by his side, they heard a tiger roaring near them. The son urged his father to hasten on; the old man continued at a slow pace, observing, that there was no danger, the tiger would not molest them. He then began counting his beads, and offering his prayers to the Almighty. In the act of which he was knocked off his horse, and carried away by the tiger; the son ran after them and cut the tiger with his sword; he dropped the father—seized the son, and carried him off. The father was brought to *Chittrah*, and died the same day; the son was never heard of afterwards. In this instance, I think, the tiger must have been ravenously hungry, or he would not have roared when near his prey; it is what they seldom or ever do, except in the very act of seizing.—

“Some idea may be formed how numerous the tigers must have been at one period in Bengal, from the circumstance that one gentleman is reported to have killed upwards of three hundred and sixty. I heard Mr. Henry Ramus at the time he was Judge of the circuit of *Bahar*, declare that he had killed that number, and I was told that others fell by his hand before his death. He kept a particular account of every one which he killed; of which, I suppose, his friends are now in possession. Having charge of the Company's elephants for many years at a time when the *Cosumbazar* Island and *Patellee* jungle were run over with tigers, he enjoyed better opportunities of killing them than has fallen to the lot of any other man, even of the German Paul, of whom Captain Williamson has said so much.”

ment when first they come into the hilly country, should soon become timid, and frequently start at trifling objects. I can account for it in no other way, than their having at some time or other smelt a tiger or leopard, and natural instinct causes that fear.”

† *Bipar* signifies merchandise, and *Biparies* are people who buy grain and other articles, which they transport from one part of the country to another on bullocks.

The Cheetah hunting, that is the chase of animals by that kind of small

tiger (or rather panther, perhaps,) which we see in the Tower of London seems to partake more of cruelty than of sporting :—

“ It is (says our author) distressing to see them catch the deer ; they are led out in chains with blinds over their eyes, and sometimes they are carried out in carts, and whenever antelopes or other deer are seen on a plain, should any one of them be separated from the rest, the *cheetah's* head is brought to face it, the blinds removed, and the chain taken off.

“ He immediately crouches, and creeps along with his belly almost touching the ground until he gets within a short distance of the deer, who, although seeing him approach, appears fascinated, and seldom attempts to run away. The *cheetah* then makes a few surprising springs and seizes him by the neck. If many deer are near each other, they often escape by flight ; their numbers, I imagine, giving them confidence, and preventing their feeling the full force of that fascination which to a single deer produces a sort of panic, and appears to divest him of the power or even inclination to run away, or make any resistance. It is clear that they must always catch them by stealth, or in the manner I have described, for they are not so swift even as common deer.”

But we must now conclude our Sporting annals, even though tempted to transgress our bounds still farther, by a very striking account of the magnificent Nawaub Vizier's method of pursuing game at the head of a retinue of 70,000 in number. There is also a well drawn character of this native sovereign. There is, however, more fascination in the subject of serpents ; and from the author's statements respecting them, we shall select a few paragraphs.

Trying experiments on these creatures, the author says,

—“ I well remember that I could find no medicine to counteract entirely the effect of the poison. I had dogs, cats, poultry, and other animals bitten, and all the cases tended to prove, that the power of the animal to destroy vi-

talities, became considerably weaker after every bite. It required a tolerably large cobra de capello to destroy a cat ; a second cat bitten by the same snake about half an hour afterwards recovered. I shall here remark that a cat withstood the poison better than any other animal, excepting the *Mongoose* [*Ichneumon*]. The commonly received opinion that the latter animal is never killed by the poison, is certainly erroneous ; and that it repairs when bitten to the grass, and eats of some particular herb, which acts as an antidote, is also imaginary. I have seen several *Mongoose* die almost immediately after being bitten by snakes, and have often observed them after the bite to appear for a time sick, and tumble about in the grass, without ever attempting to eat any ; perhaps they may sometimes eat grass, but I am confident it is not of any particular kind, and they do it merely as dogs, in order to cause vomiting. As soon as the sickness and effects of the poison are abated, they renew the attack, and with more apparent violence, but with considerably more caution.

“ It is curious to observe with what dexterity these little animals conduct the fight, always attacking the tail first, and by that means disabling their enemy with the least danger to themselves ; they then approach nearer and nearer towards the head, taking off a scale or two at a time ; at last they seize him behind the head and destroy him. I have reason to think that the people who exhibit the fight, in most cases, first deprive the snake of his venomous teeth, as they very unwillingly allow the *Mongoose* to attack a snake fresh caught. I have had a dozen fowls bitten by the same snake ; the first died in a few seconds, and so on, each in a proportionably longer time, to the twelfth, which was more than an hour in dying.—

—“ A man exhibited one of his dancing cobra de capellos before a large party. A boy about sixteen years old was teasing the animal to make it bite him, which it actually did, and to some purpose, for in an hour after, he died of the bite. The father of the boy was astonished, and protested

it could not be from the bite, that the snake had no venomous teeth, and that he and the boy had often been bitten by it before without any bad effect. On examining the snake it was found that the former fangs were replaced by new ones, not then far out of the jaw, but sufficient to kill the boy. The old man said that he never saw or heard of such a circumstance before, and was quite inconsolable for the loss of his son.

"The method these people adopt to catch snakes is as follows:—As snakes never make holes for themselves, but inhabit those made by other animals, such as lizards, rats, mice, &c. In order to ascertain if they are occupied by snakes, they examine the mouths of the holes, and if frequented by them, the under part is worn smooth by the snake passing over it, with sometimes a little sliminess; whereas if frequented by any animal having feet, they cause a roughness in the earth. When they discover a hole frequented by a snake, they dig into it very cautiously, and if they can lay hold of its tail, they do it with the left hand, at the same instant grasping the snake with the right hand, and drawing it through with the left, with astonishing rapidity, until the finger and thumb are brought up by the head, when they are secure. I have seen them catch them in the same manner when gliding fast on the ground.

"They never could catch for me a cobra de monilo alive, although I offered them a large reward for one; they said it was too small and active for them to attempt to lay hold of it,* their bite being certain death. It is thought by the natives of India and by many Europeans, that snake catchers possess secrets that enable them to cure the bites of all snakes. I questioned them frequently on the subject, both when sober and intoxicated, and at last, for a small reward, I believe they disclosed all they knew, which I shall relate, and that they do not know of any infallible remedy: their refusing to catch cobra de moniloes is a proof.

* In general they are about the size of a man's little finger, and from twelve to fifteen inches long.

"Whenever they attempt to catch snakes, there are always more than one present, and a second person carries with him a *goor goorie*, which is a smoking machine, made generally of a cocoa nut below, with an earthen funnel above, containing fire balls. In this fire they have always secreted a small iron instrument, about the size of a prong of a table fork, curved into the shape of a snake's tooth," tapering from above, and whenever they are bitten, they first put on a tight ligature above the bite, then suck the part, and as soon as blood appears, they introduce this instrument red hot into the two orifices made by the teeth, and take some bazar spirits, if they can procure any, in which they infuse a small quantity of *bang*, [a species of wild hemp,] which mixture by the natives is called *gongeah*, but sometimes they use tobacco instead of *bang*.

"As far as I could learn, these are the only remedies that they ever adopt, and according to their account, often succeed. - - -

"From the experiments which I made in Calcutta, it appears clear that snakes do not always possess the same power of destroying life. It is however, a doubt with me whether they expend any of their venomous fluid in swallowing and digesting their food, as they do in killing it; if they do, their bite soon after eating will not be so mortal as after long fasting; in fact, whatever they do eat I believe they first kill; at all events, I conceive, the longer it has been contained in their bodies the more venomous it is, and the hotter the weather the thinner the venomous fluid.

"I have teased them with a piece of cotton, and made them expend their poison into it, and then gave them a fowl to kill, which was a considerable time in dying. It is not fabulous, but true, that they sometimes take their prey by fascination. I once witnessed it in company with Captain Trench, of the Bengal Native Infantry.—Sitting on a terrace near the house, we observed a small bird on a tree at a little distance, shaking his wings and trembling: we could not imagine the reason of it.

"In a few minutes we observed it fall from the tree, and ran to pick it

up; to our great surprise we saw a large snake running off with it in his mouth; he got into his hole before we could procure any thing with which to destroy him.—

“No person should walk over grass or through *jungle* in India without having boots on, or travel without having some volatile spirits with him.—It strikes me that a clever mechanic might invent a machine upon the principle of a cupping glass and syringe, that would draw the poison from the wound, which also might be serviceable for the bites of mad dogs.”

With this advice we finish our review, though we could have wished to illustrate a few of the Hindu customs from facts related by Mr. Johhson, and showing a remarkable coincidence with European superstitions. These, and the characteristic touches of the sportsman, which we had marked for notice, our limits oblige us to forego; as well as some remarks on the want of polish in the style, and the presence of some strong medical expressions. With these drawbacks, however, the volume is very amusing.

(London Mag. Feb.)

THE MISCELLANY.

[We present our readers with a second number of our Miscellany. We are glad that they, (*i. e.* many of them) approve the plan. It is something like an *imperium in imperio*, perhaps, at first sight; only its policy does not jar with the general interests of our wider kingdom of learning. On the contrary, it will enable us to give a variety to our Magazine, by relieving the long essays and more profound disquisitions, by brief, rare, sparkling facts and fancies. We shall thus do a service to ourselves, and afford our more indolent wits an opportunity of sending to us their short compositions (sudden thoughts, or single conceits,) which are too diminutive for regular essays, and yet are too good to be lost. Our wish is to offer to our friends (in the apothecary's phrase) an agreeable *mixture*—where the salt of wit, the acid of satire, the volatile of the imagination, the graceful, the sweet, the liquid flow of melodious rhyme (the true *aurum potabile*) may meet without neutralizing each other. This seems all very ambitious, at first sight; but we nevertheless hope to accomplish our end.]

THE CHOICE OF A GRAVE.

In Fontenelle's Dialogues of the Dead, Mary Stuart meets Rizzio, and by way of reconciling him to the violence he had suffered, says to him, “I have honoured thy memory so far as to place thee in the tomb of the Kings of Scotland.” “How,” says the musician, “my body entombed among the Scottish Kings?” “Nothing more true,” replies the queen. “And I,” says Rizzio, “I have been so little sensible of that fortune, that, believe me, this is the first notice I ever had of it.”

I have no sympathy with that feeling, which is now-a-days so much in fashion, for picking out snug spots to be buried in. What is the meaning

of such fancies? No man thinks or says, that it will be agreeable to his dead body to be resolved into dust under a willow, or with flowers above it. No—it is, that while alive he has pleasure in such anticipations for his comical clay. I do not understand it—there is no *quid pro quo* in the business to my apprehension. It will not do to reason upon of course; but I can't feel about it. I am to blame, I dare say—but I can only laugh at such underground whims. “A good place” in the church-yard!—the boxes—a front row! but why? No, I cannot understand it: I cannot feel *particular* on such a subject: any part for me, as a plain man says of a partridge.

THE MERMAID.

The figure now exhibiting as a mermaid, having raised in many a belief in

the existence of such an animal, I beg leave to offer you what I consider as a

proof of its artificial structure, and that it is composed of a baboon and a fish. In taking away the lower part of the body of the monkey, the spine has been preserved entire, and has been inserted under the skin down the back of the fish, so as to show a continued chain of vertebral projections, which gives it the appearance of being the back of one animal. That the vertebrae should appear in the upper part of the back might be expected ; but, when it as-

sumes the character of a fish, the spine, like that of other fishes, must be in the centre ; and if, from the singularity of its structure, it really did continue along the back, it would consequently alter the configuration of the fin at the end of the tail ; which, being formed on an elongation of that bone, must necessarily have a corresponding arrangement : whereas the tail-fin of the exhibited monster is evidently formed like that of all other fishes on a central spine.

THE FETE-DIEU.

1.

By six o'clock all Paris was awake,
By seven her population all in motion,
Messieurs and *Dames* all hurrying for the sake—
Some few, perhaps, it may be—of devotion ;
But all the rest, to reach that grand *pinacle*
Of earthly bliss to Frenchmen—a *spectacle*.

2.

And really 'tis a pretty sight to see
Parisian *belles* tripping on holiday ;
Be they of gentle blood, or low degree,
It matters not, for all alike display
Each on her head so pretty a *chapeau*—
You're half in love before you peep below.

3.

Perhaps you'd better not ; but that's all taste ;
Some think but lightly of a face ; more stress
Is laid by others on a taper waist ;
And some lay most upon the air or dress ;
Hands, arms, or feet, claim others' approbation ;
But as for me, I like a combination.

4.

But this is a digression : eight o'clock
Proclaim'd aloud from every tower and steeple,
That *Notre Dame*, *St. Sulpice*, and *St. Roch*,
Were sending forth their priests among the people,
Loaded with blessings, ready to bestow them
On all to whom the morning air might blow them.

5.

First, floating banners, moving onward, told
The holy cavalcade was now in motion ;
Then scores of virgins, rather plain and old
To be themselves the objects of devotion,
A pretty substitute in rose-leaves found,
Which they, from holy vessels, scatter'd round.

6.

Then cavaliers, dress'd out in all their orders,
Looking less humble than perhaps they might ;
And priests, with crimson robes and golden borders,
Their precious charge supported, left and right ;
And in the rear, which would the most engross you,
Devoutly walk'd the *Duchesses** and *Monsieur*.

7.

Alas ! alas ! there came a sad mishap ;
Who could have guess'd,—the sky so clear at seven ?—
A flash of lightning, and a thunder clap,
Raised all the eyes of devotees to heaven ;
But two or three drops of rain might well excuse
Their quick transition to their robes and shoes.

8.

The rain in torrents pour'd, the flowing street
By *Dames* and *Messieurs* was deserted quite ;

* Berri and Angouleme.

Thus to neglect a spiritual treat
 For straw and silks was surely far from right ;
 The most devout expected no miracle ;
 But all were vex'd at losing the *spectacle*.

9.

The frankincense and blessings were bestowed
 Upon some groups of ragamuffin boys,—
 Who by their grinning undevoutly show'd
 How wickedly the human mind enjoys
 Such ills as sometimes even have permission
 To visit princes on a holy mission.

H. H.

WILKS.

It is very pleasing to discover redeeming points in characters that have been held up to our detestation. The merest trifles are enough, if they have taste but of common humanity. I have never thought very ill of Wilks since I discovered that he was exceed-

ingly fond of South-Down mutton. But better than this: "My cherries," he says, "are the prey of the black-birds—and they are most welcome." This is a little trait of character, which, in my mind, covers a multitude of sins.

THE BURYING GROUND OF PERE LA CHAISE.

I profitted by a fine October day to make the round of the burying-place of Père La Chaise. It excites even more varied emotions than the opera: contemplation, surprise, terror, remembrances, reflections, fill your imagination, impress every movement with silence and timidity. Here pride and vanity have extended their privileges to the tomb. The common trench is for the poor—they are thrown together pêle-mêle; others have a five years' lease of their grave—humble tenants, still subject to removals. Others, again, carrying love of property beyond the boundaries of existence, have acquired for ever their four square feet—to this extent is now reduced their part of five hundred acres. All the cenotaphs, all the marbles, all the funeral columns, are graven but with tears and sighs. Sometimes the expressions of grief are very diffuse; sometimes of a more affecting brevity. Here I read Ah! there, Alas! and a little further, To-morrow! Observing this concert of grief and despair, I asked myself if all this was very sincere. I amused myself with imagining all suddenly restored to life, these fathers, mothers, uncles and aunts, so warmly regretted, returning to Paris alive and well, and reclaiming their property from their affectionate sons, tender daughters, and inconsolable nephews and neices. What a revolution it would make! what lying epitaphs they would be! I went

from tomb to tomb fancying a resurrection from each. Already I saw Geoffrey seizing his critical sceptre, questioning the success of Sylla and Regulus, and the rising note of Mademoiselle Mante; l'Abbé Delille, and other academicians, seeking their arm chairs in vain; M. Agasse grasping the *Moniteur* as proprietor again; M. Micoud reclaiming his prefecture de l'Ourthe; Beauvilliers his coffee-house; M. Journe-Aubert his senatorship; M. Sicard his place of perpetual secretary; M. Vanderberghe his upholstery; Vigier his baths, and Tortoni his pistaccio ices. I know not what a disorder such a resurrection would occasion in Paris; I will not pursue the consequences; I fear the effects of this dream even on the timid hearts of the heirs. With what consternation would they hear the singular excuse made me the other morning by a person who was mistaken in affirming before twenty persons that *M. le Docteur* ——— was dead. "Dead!" replied I, "I met him this morning." "I can assure you he is dead." "And I declare I met him this morning, and shook hands with him." "Wait one moment: ah, I had forgotten; but he is not the less dead for all that. I should have told you, he has rendered such service to the burying ground of Père La Chaise, that he has recovered a passport to leave it twice a-week."

FAIR INES.

1.
 I SAW ye not fair Ines?—
 She's gone into the West,

To dazzle when the sun is down,
 And rob the world of rest.
 She took our day-light with her,
 The smiles that we love best ;
 With morning blushes on her cheek
 And pearls upon her breast.

2.
 O turn again, fair Ines,
 Before the fall of night,
 For fear the moon should shine alone,
 And stars unrivall'd bright :
 And blessed will the lover be
 That walks beneath their light,
 And breathes the love against thy cheek
 I dare not even write !

3.
 I saw thee, lovely Ines,
 Descend along the shore,
 With bands of noble gentlemen,
 And banners waved before ;

And gentle youths, and maidens gay,
 And snowy plumes they wore ;—
 It would have been a beauteous dream—
 If it had been no more !

4.
 Alas, alas, fair Ines !
 She went away with song,
 With music waiting on her steps,
 And shoutings of the throng ;
 But some were sad, and felt no mirth,
 But only music's wrong,
 In sounds that sung, farewell—farewell,
 To her you've lov'd so long.

5.
 Farewell, farewell, fair Ines ;
 That vessel never bore
 So fair a lady on its deck,
 Nor danced so light before ;—
 Alas ! for pleasure on the sea,
 And sorrow on the shore,—
 The smile that blest one lover's heart
 Has broken many more. H.

OBITUARY.

Lately died at Strasburgh, in the 31st year of his age, the celebrated Italian philosopher POPOLINO. He had been employed on certain poisonous and other pungent experiments, for the benefit of the red Indians and the civilized inhabitants of Antiqua Scotia. His preparations were generally in the shape of a powder (for the sake of its bearing land-carriage), and on applying some of what he conceived to be No. 37 to his nostrils, he fell down and expired in a moment. The world will long have cause to lament the premature decease of this great philosopher and sage. A few particulars of his early life have escaped ; and as we believe that they are not generally known in England, we shall lay them before our readers.

Pietro Pinto Popolino was born in the neighbourhood of Peschiera, in the north of Italy, in the midst of the cold weather of 1791. His father claimed (and he insisted) on being descended in a right line from the famous *Gasco Mendez*, formerly one of the self-elected Dukes of Trieste. When very young, scarcely exceeding the tender age of eleven years, young *Popolino*, it is said used to sing the verses of Catullus in an extraordinary way, and to accompany them with his violin. It was confidently expected that he would

become a shining ornament in the musical circles. One day, however, he became acquainted with two travellers from North Britain, who were regaling themselves with a 'haggis' or rather an olla podrida, (the landlord was a Spaniard,) and some pickled herrings, in the "public" at Peschiera. These gentlemen took great quantities of snuff, which seemed to enable them to argue with infinite vivacity. Young *Popolino* begged a pinch, and sneezed. He begged another, and sneezed again. This seemed to him very extraordinary. Begging a third pinch, he put it carefully in a small piece of whity-brown paper, and took it home with a view to ascertain what its peculiar virtues were. This trifling incident it was which turned his genius into the road of practical philosophy. A few years afterwards he came over to England, and entered himself as a pupil of the celebrated Fribourg. He became the inventor of "*Canáster*," of No. 37, of *The floral mixture*, and even made some improvements in "high-dried." He was a great advocate for the system of driving out one disease by another ; and invented a poison (made of the *Lamas* and *Ticunas*—Indian specifics) which, had it been adopted, would have completely put the measles to flight, and expatriated the hydro-

phobia. He was the only person acquainted with the virtues of Dr. Solomon's Balm of Gilead, and Dr. Brodum's nervous cordial. He was the inventor of Day and Martin's blacking, and the Congreve rockets (he sold the patents to the present proprietors.) He was the first man who perceived the connexion between the Aurora Borealis and the French Revolution. He constructed the automaton chess player and the invisible girl, and gave the first hint of lighting London with gas. He was an excellent arithmetician, a

sound theologian, a good poet and whist-player, a tender father of a family, and a virtuous man. He has left a wife and 17 small children to lament his death, which will be long felt, not only by them, but by the whole scientific and literary world. He is buried in the Protestant church at Strasburgh, and a tomb, with an elegant inscription, by Messrs. *Mokriffchusky and Price*, (proprietors of the Russia oil,) has been erected to his memory.

GUST. VOSTERMANN.

GERMAN HONESTY AND SIMPLICITY.

"An inhabitant of Leipsic," says Madame de Stael, "having planted an apple-tree on the borders of a public walk, affixed a notice to it, requesting that people would not gather the fruit." How the wiseacres and "knowing-ones" laugh at the trusting simpleton! But hark! "not an apple was stolen during ten years." So much for a people, all of whom read and think. In

England there are not a few who have resisted the instruction of the poor, lest it should corrupt them; but, with the protection of ignorance, what would have been the fate of the apple-tree in the neighbourhood of London? What a contrast between this respected tree with its harmless defence, and the steel-traps and spring-guns of our British Pometona!

PRESENCE OF MIND IN A GHOST.

It has been questioned amongst the learned, whether there be such things (or nothings) as ghosts; but whether or not, and leaving this argument to the curious, the following may be relied upon as an instance of extraordinary presence of mind in an apparition.

In the year 1421, the widow of Ralph Cranbourne, of Dipmore End, in the parish of Sandhurst, Berks, was one midnight alarmed by a noise in her bed-chamber, and, looking up, she saw at her bed foot the appearance of a Skeleton (which she verily believed was her Husband,) nodding and talking to her upon its fingers, or finger-bones, after the manner of a dumb person. Whereupon she was so terrified, that after striving to scream aloud, which she could not, for her tongue clave to her mouth, she fell backward as in a swoon; yet not so insensible

withal but she could see that at this the Figure became agitated and distressed, and would have clasped her, but upon her appearance of loathing it desisted, only moving its jaw upward and downward, as if it would cry for help but could not for want of its parts of speech. At length, she growing more and more faint, and likely to die of fear, the Spectre suddenly, and as if at a thought, began to swing round its hand, which was loose at the wrist, with a brisk motion, and the finger bones being long and hard, and striking sharply against each other, made a loud noise, like to the springing of a watchman's rattle. At which alarm, the neighbours running in, stoutly armed, as against thieves or murderers, the spectre suddenly departed.

Hist. Berks, vol. xxv. p. 976.

RHEUMATISM.

Sir—As the excellent writer of your Medical Reports* has this month recommended wash-leather waistcoats as a preventive and cure of rheumatism,

may I be allowed (in confirmation of the Doctor's recommendation,) to state, that I have been in the habit of wearing one for some considerable time; and

* See next page.

that, in my case, it has been attended with the most beneficial effect. It is my usual practice to take to it about the middle of November, and to cast it off some time in the spring; the particular time depends upon the season.

My mode of wearing it is between my flannel waistcoat and shirt; and I can assure your readers, that, since my adoption of it, I have been entirely free from rheumatic pains, to which I was previously subject.

B. Z.

MEDICAL REPORT

Of Diseases, &c. occurring in the Western District of the City Dispensary. By D. Uwins, M.D.

The prevalence and obstinate severity of coughs are the circumstances which have particularised the present and immediately preceding months, in reference to medical requisites: to such a degree has this been the case, that it may be almost said, with stronger than poetical affirmation—

Those cough now who never cough'd before,
And those who always cough'd now cough the more.

The character of these pulmonary affections has of course been more or less regulated by constitutional tendencies in the individual subject; but their leading features have proved rather of the asthmatic than of the phthisical kind, and they have thus called for, and borne, those stimulating remedies, which, when employed in truly consumptive ailments, are much worse than useless. Many of the patent prescriptions, named "Cough drops," might properly be labelled with the word "Poison," were they intended only for the eye and the stomach of the consumptive invalid,—the principle of their efficacy in any case being that of exciting those parts of the pulmonary organs which in phthisis are already in a state of morbid excitation. Some practitioners, indeed, call in question the rectitude of expectorant agency, as applicable to any sort of pectoral disorder; while others, again, deny that balsamics and demulcents have more than an imaginary efficacy, seeing that the parts supposed to be sheathed and soothed by these substances never actually come in contact with them, but pass down another chamber, viz. thro' the gullet into the stomach; while it is the wind-pipe and lungs, not the œsophagus and stomach, which the disordered action implicates. These objections, however, in both instances seem to be too much founded on the refinements of theory, and to stand in opposition to truth: medicine, after all,

would prove a poor inefficacious affair, were it never to act but in obedience to the dicta of pathology. Our continental neighbours, the French, condemn British practice as empirical; but the most triumphant reply to this charge is the superior success of the English physicians. Disease with us is often done away with by decided measures, long before the gallic school of tissue and texture practitioners would have determined upon the organ implicated, or the remedial indications demanded. The French are good investigators of disordered lesion, it is allowed, but dexterity in the inspection of a dead body does not necessarily imply an efficient practice upon the living; nay, it is possible for morbid anatomy (in moderation, the most useful of all medical studies,) to be carried to an ultra extent, by encouraging analytic minutiae to the exclusion of synthetic and pervading principles. French medicine, like French art, is full of correct little-nesses and beautiful fragments; but it is wanting in the commanding spirit of a combining whole. It is *outliny* and cold, and raw.

A curious case of nervous affection is now under the Reporter's care. A child, about six years old, who is without the smallest manifestation of disease during the day, awakes in the night with involuntary laughter, attended with some gesticulations, which last frequently till the time of rising. Upon it being mentioned to the parents that the disorder was probably a species of St. Vitus's dance, they directly told the writer that a family, who lived opposite them, had recently been affected with that complaint; and that their children had intently noticed, and occasionally imitated, them. This, then, is probably the source of the disorder in the present instance; and it is likely, as suggested by an ingenious

friend, that the malady is a species of oneirodynia, as well as chorea; that the child had been impressed in its dreams with what it had seen during its waking hours, and that such impression had thus become associated with the time and circumstance of sleep. Dreams perhaps modify, and in a manner *duplicate*, existence, more than we are generally aware. Not long since, a case of well marked epilepsy was seen by the writer, which originated in the following manner. The subject of it, a young girl in the lower walks of life, had been engaged with some loose companions in throwing stones at the skeletons that are disgustingly gibbeted on the shores of the Thames. It seems that in the first instance the poor girl considered this pastime as a mere matter of innocent fun and frolic; but, in the visions of the succeeding night, she conceived a horror of the act, and, as just stated, epilepsy was the consequence,—a disorder with which she will probably be affected, from slight causes, during the whole of her life.

The boy to whom allusion has just been made is under a tonic plan of treatment, the medicine principally consisting of the *Nitras argenti*, and he already shows signs of improvement.

The continued severity of the weather induces the writer to reiterate his recommendation of wash-leather waistcoats. It is only they who have tried the expedient that can conceive the comfort of it. The Reporter would almost as soon part with his own skin as the additional one he has adopted. Till he wore the material in question, he scarcely knew the feeling of warmth during the winter season; he now, with less exterior clothing than before, finds himself comparatively indifferent to the temperature of the air. "God's blessing (says Sancho Panza,) be upon that man who first invented sleep; it covers one all over like a garment." So does wash leather, says the writer of these Reports; and so will every one say who shall make an essay of its virtue.

D. UWINS.

London, Jan. 30, 1823.

The Drama.

COVENT GARDEN.

SHIEL'S NEW TRAGEDY, THE HUGUENOT.

The scene is laid at Orleans, where Adolphus Polignac, the Convict or Huguenot (Mr. Macready,) is found among the criminals, condemned to perpetual imprisonment for murder. In the same city resides his early love, Margaret (Miss F.H. Kelly) the daughter of Romond (Mr. Bartley,) of a high but impoverished family, and on the eve of marriage with the Duke Montville (Mr. Yates,) in order to rescue her parent from distress. Having saved the Gaoler's child, Adolphus is permitted, by his connivance, to witness this ceremony. The chants and prayers proceed, (rather too far as we think for the Stage,) and the nuptial benediction is about to be given, when he arrives, muffled up, at the altar; addresses the bride, and, in consequence of her discovering him, she falls lifeless on the ground. La Roche, an ecclesiastic (Mr. Abbott,) has before prevented Montville from offering violence to Adolphus, but, in his rage, he now commands his disguise to be stripped off, and the red brand upon his arm being exposed, he is sent to execution. Thus concludes the third Act, with a fine dramatic effect, of which Mr. Macready makes a powerful use. Romond now insists on the infamy of her lover to Margaret, but she will not listen to the charge of guilt against him whom her heart has selected and adorned with every virtue and

honour. Her father casts her off; she meets Adolphus on his way to death, she implores him to pronounce but one word "innocent," that she may believe him to all the world. This word he cannot speak, for he is bound by an oath not to reveal the secret of his wrongful sufferings, which would bring destruction on the head of his father, Count Polignac, who now appears led in, blind and dying, by an attendant. He has come to Orleans in quest of his son, and at the last extremity of expiring nature, he is discovered by him as he is conducted to the scaffold. A very striking and pathetic scene ensues; the father is consigned to the humanity of La Roche, and the victim of filial piety advances to the block. Margaret arrives to meet him in death, and their hapless loves and destiny are treated with poetic nerve no less than with histrionic energy. At the fatal moment of eternal separation, however, La Roche returns: the aged Count is dead, and has revealed that truth which exculpates his son, and can never affect himself more. On this consummation the curtain descends.

From the sketch we have given of the plot it will be seen that it is exceedingly simple, and perhaps rather below the standard of tragedy. But much depends on the genius with which even common materials are treated.

MELODIES OF SCOTLAND.*

WE have now before us the 1st, 2d, and 4th volumes of this collection (the 3d has not reached us, and we do not know that the 5th has yet been published,) and shall endeavour to render an account of some of their attractions. But previous to entering upon the subject of Song, we beg to say something on the Preface. In this, Mr. Thomson enumerates the sources explored for the simple and pure melodies of his native land; justly congratulates himself on his good fortune in enlisting musical talents of so high an order as those employed on the work, especially in Haydn, who devoted three years to the characteristic and delightful symphonies, of which he composed about one half; and, lastly, states the names of the distinguished bards who, after Burns, poured their contributions into his splendid store, among whom we recognize Sir Walter Scott, Campbell, Joanna Baillie, Mrs. Grant, Sir A. Boswell, Mrs. J. Hunter, and W. Smyth, besides selections from Ramsay, Thomson, Hamilton, Macneil, Hogg, &c. &c.

It seems to have been the great object of the editor of this publication to heighten and refine that amusement; and accordingly, amidst all the variety of admirable songs which these volumes contain, whether of the plaintive, amatory, gay, or humorous class, not one will be found offensive to the purest mind, or in the slightest degree inimical to female delicacy. To illustrate this great commendation, we shall present our readers with a few specimens of the novelties here introduced. We begin with an original of the immortal Burns:

BONNY WEE THING.

Bonny wee thing, canny wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine
I would wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.
Wishfully I look and languish
In that bonny face of thine,
And my heart it stounds with anguish,
Lest my wee thing be not mine.

Bonny wee thing, canny wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine
I would wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
In one constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess of this soul of mine,

To follow this simple song we take one by the living ornaments of Scotland, Sir W. Scott.

NORA'S VOW.

Hear what Highland Nora said:
"The Earlie's son I will not wed,
Should all the race of Nature die,
And none be left but he and I.
For all the gold, for all the gear,
And all the lands both far and near,
That ever valour lost or won,
I would not wed the Earlie's son."

"A maiden's vows, (old Callum spoke)
Are lightly made and lightly broke;
The heather on the mountain's height
Begins to bloom in purple light;
The frost-wind soon shall sweep away
That lustre deep from glen and brae;
Yet, Nora, ere its bloom be gone,
May blithely wed the Earlie's son."

"The swan," she said, "the lake's clear breast
May barter for the eagle's nest;
The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,
Ben-Cruachan fall, and crush Kilehorn.
Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
Before their foes may turn and fly;
But I, were all these marvels done,
Would never wed the Earlie's son."

Still in the water-lily's shade
Her wonted nest the wild swan made,
Ben-Cruachan stands as fast as ever,
Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river;
To shun the clash of foemen's steel,
No highland brogue has turn'd the heel:
But Nora's heart is lost and won,
—She's wedded to the Earlie's son!

In the second volume we find a pretty descriptive ballad to the air lately rendered so popular by Miss Stephens,
"O Charlie is my darling."

O CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

'Twas on a Monday morning,
When birds were singing clear,
That Charlie to the Highlands came,
The gallant Chevalier,
O Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling,
O Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier.

* The Select Melodies of Scotland, interspersed with those of Ireland and Wales, united to the Songs of R. Burns, Sir W. Scott, &c. &c., in 5 vols. By George Thomson, 1823.

When Charlie to Glenfinnin came,
 To chase the hart and hind,
 O many chief his banner braid
 Was waving in the wind.—*O Charlie, &c.*

They wou'dna bide to chase the roes,
 Or start the mountain deer,
 But aff they march'd wi' Charlie,
 The gallant Chevalier.—*O Charlie, &c.*

Now up the wild Glenevis,
 And down by Lochy side,
 Young Malcolm leaves his shealing,
 And Donald leaves his bride.—*O Charlie, &c.*

Out o'er the rocky mountain,
 And down the primrose glen,
 Of naething else our lasses sing,
 But Charlie and his men.—*O Charlie, &c.*

When Charlie to Dunedin came,—
 In haste to Holyrood
 Came many a fair and stately dame,
 Of noble name and blood.—*O Charlie, &c.*

They proudly wore the milk-white rose
 For him they lo'ed sae dear,
 And gied their sons to Charlie,
 The young Chevalier.—*O Charlie, &c.*

And many a gallant Scottish chief
 Came round their Princee to cheer,
 For Charlie was their darling,
 The young Chevalier.—*O Charlie, &c.*

And when they feasted in the ha',
 Each loyal heart was gay,
 And ay where Charlie cast his een
 They shed a kindly ray.—*O Charlie, &c.*

Around our Scottish thistle's head
 There's many a pointed spear,
 And many a sword shall wave around
 Our young Chevalier.—*O Charlie, &c.*

The following words by Mr. J Richardson, to the well-known tune of "Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae," are elegant and forcible :

O Nancy wilt thou leave the town,
 And go with me where Nature dwells;
 I'll lead thee to a fairer scene
 Than painter feigns, or poet tells.
 In spring, I'll place the snow-drop fair
 Upon thy fairer, sweeter breast;
 With lovely roses round thy head
 At summer eve shalt thou be drest.

In autumn when the rustling leaf
 Shall warn us of the parting year,
 I'll lead thee to yon woody glen,
 The redbreast's ev'ning song to hear.
 And when the winter's dreary night
 Forbids us leave our shelter'd cot,
 Then in the treasure of thy mind
 Shall nature's charms be all forgot.

To conclude our notice, we select

CLERK RICHARD AND MAID MARGARET.

There were two who loved each other
 For many years, till hate did start;
 And yet they never quite could smother
 The former love that warm'd their heart:
 And both did love, and both did hate,
 Till both fulfill'd the will of fate.

Years after, and the maid did marry
 One that her heart had ne'er approv'd;
 Nor longer could Clerk Richard tarry,
 Where he had lost all that he lov'd:
 To foreign lands he reckless went,
 To nourish love, hate, discontent.

A word, an idle word of folly,
 Had spill'd their love when it was young;
 And hatred, grief, and melancholy,
 In either heart as idly sprung:
 And yet they loved, and hate did wane,
 And much they wished to meet again.

Of Richard still is Margaret dreaming,
 His image lingered in her breast;
 And oft at midnight to her seeming
 Her former lover stood confest;
 And shedding on her bosom tears,
 The bitter wrecks of happier years.

Where'er he went, by land or ocean,
 Still Richard sees Dame Margaret there;
 And every throb and kind emotion
 His bosom knew were felt for her:
 And never new love hath he cherished,
 The power to love with first love perished.

Homeward is Clerk Richard sailing,
 An altered man from him of old;
 His hate had changed to bitter wailing,
 And love resumed its wonted hold
 Upon his heart, which yearned to see
 The haunts and loves of infancy.

He knew her faithless,—nathless ever
 He loved her though no more his own;
 Nor could he proudly now dis sever
 The chain that round his heart was thrown;
 He loved her without hope, yet true,
 And sought her, but to say Adieu.

For even in parting there is pleasure,
 A sad sweet joy that wrings the soul;
 And there is grief surpassing measure,
 That will not bide nor brook controul;
 And yet a formal fond leave taking
 Does ease the heart albeit by breaking.

Ah! there is something in the feeling
 And trembling falter of the hand;
 And something in the tear down stealing,
 And voice so broken, yet so bland;
 And something in the word Farewell,
 Which worketh like a powerful spell.

These lovers met and never parted;
 They met as lovers wont to do,
 Who meet when both are broken-hearted,
 To breathe a last and long adieu.
 Pale Margaret wept, Clerk Richard sighed,
 And in each other's arms they died.

From these specimens (though we cannot exhibit the sweet music attached to them,) our readers may gather that this work is most worthy of the lovers of harmony. We know no musical collection at all equal to it, and are sure it will afford the utmost delight in every family circle where it is received.

Varieties.

(London Magazines, February.)

FENELLA.

The character of Fenella (says a Correspondent) in Peveril of the Peak, has been considered as too highly wrought for nature; but it falls far short of the true character which appears to have sat for the portrait—the celebrated *Carraboo*. Her self-command was so great, that no praises of her beauty, threatened punishment for detected imposture, or successful duplicity of those about her, could ever excite an expression that for a moment betrayed her. Before she became a *Princess*, she had been an inmate of the Devon Bridewell; and some of her astonishing feats of agility, address, and cunning, remembered there, far exceed those imputed to Fenella.

M. DE SARTINE.

A man in Paris denied having received a deposit. M. de Sartine ordered him into his presence, and said, “I believe what you say, but sit down and write to your wife as I dictate: ‘All is discovered, and I am undone if you do not immediately bring the deposit that we have received.’” The man immediately turned pale, for he felt that his wife, thus taken by surprise, would not fail to betray him. Every thing was in consequence discovered by an expedient worthy to be compared with the judgment of Solomon.

MODE OF LIVING IN PARIS.

There is hardly any such thing as a domestic fire-side in this capital. The French have no comforts at home, and pass their leisure in coffee-houses and eating houses. During the winter there is no place so wretched as one’s own dwelling; a good fire cannot be had without opening the doors and windows, the chimnies being so badly constructed as to cause the greatest inconvenience from smoke, unless a great deal of wind is allowed to enter the apartment. Wood is the fuel used by the Parisians; and it is so dear, that, in order to keep up one fire from morning till night, one must pay at least 14 or 15 francs a week. Such a fire, as a very poor person in England can afford to have, will here cost a franc a day: the poor, therefore, are destitute of this comfort.

They get a little charcoal and an earthen pot, with which they make their coffee and soup. Those who are able breakfast at a coffee-house, and dine at a restaurateur’s. A Frenchman of small income, who has no housekeeping, breakfasts upon dry bread, and dines at a restaurateur’s, for 22 sous to 2 francs, according to his means, where he has soup, 3 dishes, bread, half a bottle of wine, and dessert. Very few persons make more than two meals a day, breakfast and dinner; the former, where the means are equal to it, is generally *à la fourchette*; at the latter the quantity eaten is enormous; indeed the French are the greatest eaters in the world. A labouring man, who has only bread for his dinner, will if he can get so much, eat from four to six pounds at this meal; and the Frenchman who dines at a restaurateur’s, generally eats two pounds, besides his soup and three dishes. At the leading restaurateurs’, a good dinner will cost seven or eight francs, exclusive of wine; but it is only doing justice to the French to say, that at their cheapest eating houses the dishes are good, and the customers have silver forks with clean napkins. A Frenchman may well be disgusted at the mode of conducting business in the very best eating-houses in London, when he contrasts them with establishments of the very same nature in Paris. The poor people who can get any thing to eat (many are without food for two days together) live upon soup made of vegetables and bread. The middle classes are also very economical in their mode of living; a very respectable tradesman and his family of seven or eight persons will dine for about 1s. 6d. One of the dishes is an excellent dish made from beans called *haricots*; the beans are boiled for some time, and, when perfectly soft, they make a good dish, with a little butter, parsley, pepper and salt. To the water in which they were boiled, herbs, one of which is sorrel, are added, and one or two eggs are also beaten up and put in. When these have boiled for a short time, the soup is really excellent, and at the same time nutritious. Louis

XVIII. has this dish three or four times a week, and many persons of rank also have it from choice. As there is so little comfort in the private houses, the French men and women are as little at home as possible. They go the coffee-houses, and take a cup of coffee, a bottle of beer, or a glass of sugar and water. At some of these coffee-houses there are plays acted, which the customers see gratis; but the performances are of the lowest description, as may well be imagined. The French are also very economical in their parties, and I think properly so. In England, if a tradesman has a few friends, nothing is thought of but eating and drinking, and the guests talk of the party the next day, not of the society which they met, but of the good things which they devoured. Here society, and not stuffing the appetite, is considered; a little punch and cake is all that is offered: even sometimes in the best families there is no refreshment. The visitors dine late before they go to the party, and return home to take refreshment at their own expense before they go to bed.

CAPTAIN CALAMITE.

‘To what base uses must we come, Horatio!’ might well be put in the mouth of Hamlet by the Bard of Avon; and we do think, had he but known the following anecdote, related by James P. Andrews, F.R.S. p. 371, Shakspeare would have prolonged the address made to Horatio. However, we give the tale, wounding as it is to our sympathies.

“A refugee officer, who lived to a great age at Bristol, under the title of Capitaine Calamité, took great delight in recounting to his younger neighbours the misfortunes of his early years. His favourite tale was that of his captivity at Algiers. His stature, it must be observed, was singularly diminutive, and his strength of body small in proportion. To such a one no severe tasks of labour could be assigned, even by the most barbarous taskmaster. What then were the cruelties he had to relate? ‘I was treated (he used to say to the editor’s friend) like a brute animal. They could not make me tug at the oar; they could not make me drag heavy stones; they made me then—they made me sit,

day after day, and night after night, in one cruel constrained posture—to hatch turkies!’” Mr. Cunningham seems to have embodied this story in his Velvet Cushion.

UNIVERSAL CEMENT.

To an ounce of mastic add as much highly rectified spirits-of-wine as will dissolve it. Soak an ounce of isinglass in water until quite soft, then dissolve it in pure rum or brandy, until it forms a strong glue, to which add about a quarter of an ounce of gum ammoniac, well rubbed and mixed. Put the two mixtures together in an earthen vessel over a gentle heat; when well united, the mixture may be put into a phial and kept well stopped. When wanted for use, the bottle must be set in warm water, when the china or glass articles must be also warmed, and the cement applied. It will be proper that the broken surfaces, when carefully fitted, shall be kept in close contact for twelve hours at least, until the cement is fully set; after which the fracture will be found as secure as any part of the vessel, and scarcely perceptible.

GUARD AGAINST BURGLARS.

The outward appearance of this invention is that of a narrow slip of canvass about 4 inches in length, with a small ring affixed at each end, the centre part enclosed within a piece of coloured paper. These rings are intended to be fastened upon hooks or nails, the one upon the frame or stationary part, the other on the moveable part of a door or window. When so placed, should any person attempt to enter, a tension of the canvass of course takes place, and this causes an instant explosion of detonating balls or powder as loud as the report of a fowling-piece; the combustible matter being confined within the paper already spoken of.

MAGNETISM BY PERCUSSION.

Mr. Scoresby has instituted a series of experiments, to determine magnetism by percussion with more precision; and some of his results deserve attention. When a bar of *soft-steel*, six inches and a half long, and a quarter of an inch diameter, held vertically, and resting upon freestone, was struck 16 blows with a hammer, it acquired the power of lifting 6½ grains; 22 blows did not augment the force. When the bar rested vertically upon a parlour poker (previously deprived of magnetism), 42 blows gave it the power of lifting 88 grains, and 90 blows, with a larger hammer, augmented the lifting power to 130 grains. The poker was also rendered magnetic. Farther hammering rather diminished than increased the power. On inverting the bar, a single blow nearly destroyed the magnetism; two blows changed the poles. Hammering the bar in the plane of the magnetic equator, also destroyed the polarity. The magnetism by percussion was augmented, when the length of the bars was increased.